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NEVER TOO LATE.

BY M. A. K.

Though 'tis better to take the right path at once
At the outset, my hopeless friend,
When the heart is stout and the conscience clear,
Yet, "'tis never too late to mend."

The sun shines alike on the good and bad,
And the rain and the falling dew
Still water the weeds, as it does the flowers,
All the long, bright summer through.

Now, if you're resolved to desert the wrong,
And the right and the true defend,
Then buckle the armor strong and tight,
For, "'tis never too late to mend."

The tenderest hope of your eager heart,
Whatever that hope may be,
If it have not right for its corner-stone,
Is a hope forlorn to thee.

Oh! shrink not from the good resolve,
Oh! look not back, my friend,
With a failing heart and trembling hand,
For, "'tis never too late to mend."

Under False Colors.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A WILFUL WARD," "HIS WIFE'S SISTER," "FLINT AND STEEL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

It was a lovely afternoon, and, if it had not been for the thought of her lonely walk through the gloomy wood, Joan would have enjoyed the fresh breeze blowing straight inland from the far-off Bristol Channel, which on a clear day could be seen from the top of the hill behind Rook's Nest.

Miss Ainslie was a good walker. She had always been accustomed to be much in the open air, and while abroad had revelled in the beautiful old garden belonging to the convent, spending all her leisure hours in summertime under the shady trees.

Branscombe village lay in a hollow at the foot of the broad incline whereon stood Rook's Nest and stately Field Royal, and the only way to it from either place, unless one made a detour along the road for six miles, was through Joan's bugbear, the wood, dignified by the name of Branscombe Forest.

It was a dull spot at all times, for its tall firs and pine-trees, rising up like mighty giants, spread out their branches high overhead, completely shutting out the sunlight, while even on the hottest day in midsummer the atmosphere within its dreary precincts struck with a chill upon the heated wayfarer, making him long for the broiling sun again.

Joan quickened her pace as she came within sight of the gate leading to the woodland path. If she must brave the imaginary terrors of the place, she would do so quickly as possible.

How dark it would be when she came back! she thought with a shudder, as she walked quickly along, her footsteps making no sound upon the pathway, so thickly was it carpeted with the soft fibre from the trees above.

Suddenly her heart seemed to stand still. From somewhere, where she could not tell, came the sound of men's voices raised high in dispute—hoarse unrefined voices they were, the language evidently not intended for polite ears.

"Tramps," thought Joan, her face paling—"or gipsies! Martin told me only yesterday that a tribe had encamped somewhere near Rook's Nest, and I quite forgot it. What shall I do?"

She had no time to decide, for at that moment the voices grew suddenly louder, and from a side path emerged two men, ragged dissolute-looking fellows, of the sort always to be found lurking in the vicinity of a seaport town.

They stopped talking as soon as they caught sight of Joan, and then, to her dismay she noticed the taller and more ruffiantly of the two take his short black pipe from his mouth, wink at his comrade, and come shambling along towards her.

There was no escape, even if she had the courage to attempt it. The man could easily overtake her if she retraced her steps; and there, in her very path, stood the other tramp to stop her flight.

"Beg pardon, miss, but could you help us with a trifle? We've walked all the way from Dowlais, and thought o' gettin' on to Chepstow to night. We're very hungry, miss, an' 'ud be grateful for summat to help us on our way."

Now, as ill luck would have it, Esther wanted change for a sovereign, and had commissioned Joan to get it for her in the village. This same sovereign was all the money Joan had about her, and she could not give that to the men.

"I am sorry," she began, still walking on; "I have no——"

"Now stow that, miss!" the fellow said roughly. "Young ladies doesn't generally leave their purses behind 'em, though they says they does. Out with it, miss!"

He looked so threatening that Joan's heart sank within her. She looked wildly around, but not a soul was within sight.

"I should be very pleased to give you some coppers, or even silver, if I had either," she said at last, trying to speak boldly, "but unfortunately I have not."

The ruffian looked staggered for a moment, but he knew that there was nobody about but themselves, and that the game was in his own hands.

"Ev yer got yer purse with yer?" he asked, with a covert glance at his companion, for, as Joan had been walking on, they had nearly reached the latter, who was watching the proceedings with sullen apathy.

For one moment Joan was tempted to answer in the negative. But she had never told a lie in her life, and she could not bring herself to do it now. The tramp repeated his question, adding menacingly—

"If ye 'avn't got it, we must see if there ain't somethin' else as we could turn into money; an' if ye 'ave, why, I'll lay my life there's somethin' in it!"

"Yes—I have my purse, but——"

"Perdooce it then, miss—perdooce it!"

But as the fellow spoke Joan's quick ear had caught the sound of a whistle, followed by a voice calling—

"Ross, Ross! Come here, sir!"

It was not the utterance of another tramp, she felt sure, and somehow it inspired her with courage, more especially as the man who had remained a passive spectator of her interview with his companion muttered something and began to make off in an opposite direction.

"Yer purse! Quick, or it will be the worse for yer!" growled the man at her side. "Come, out with it"—with an impression which made her blood curdle—"for I mean to 'ave it!"

Partly from terror, partly to gain time, Joan put her hand in her pocket; but the man was too quick for her. Ere she could divine his intention he had seized her arm, snatched the purse out of her hand, and was off up the path in the wake of his companion.

Joan was beside herself with fright and dismay, and a cry for help escaped her lips. In imagination she saw the wood peopled with tramps and gipsies all ready to rob and murder her, and she knew not which way to turn.

Help was however nearer than she thought. A young man in shooting-costume came hurrying from the direction of the village, followed by a keeper and a couple of dogs.

No sooner did the young fellow see Joan than he came straight up to her, and, raising his cap, inquired anxiously—

"Did you—did I hear somebody call just now?"

"Yes." Joan's lips were quivering and her eyes full of tears. "I have been so frightened! Two men asked me for money just now, and one has taken my purse. They ran off when they heard you coming; but I really believe"—with a little catch in her breath which was strangly like a sob—"that if you hadn't appeared just then, they would have murdered me!"

"Which way did they go?" the gentleman asked.

Joan pointed mutely up the path; she could not trust herself to speak just then.

"Follow them, Ferguson, and take the dogs with you! I'll see Willet and send him after you to take them in charge. Mind you don't lose sight of them!" was the sharply spoken command.

With a "Very well, sir; I'll run them down," the keeper touched his hat and hurried away, the dogs, scenting some kind of game, bounding after him with joyous barks of anticipation.

The young man turned to Joan.

"I am sorry you have been so alarmed," he said gently. "This wood is not the safest place for a lady to walk in alone; there are tramps often lurking about."

"Yes; and I am unfortunately a dreadful coward," the girl answered, favoring him with a rather sickly smile, for she had not yet recovered from her fright. "I was obliged to go into the village for something that was wanted very particularly, or I should never have ventured here by myself. However, those men have stolen my purse, so it is no good going any farther now."

"Can't I be of any assistance?"

Joan smiled little more naturally now, but shook her head.

"It was some ribbon I wanted," she explained. "But, even if I had the money with me, I dare not brave the terrors of this wood later on. I think my best plan will be to get back to Rook's Nest as quickly as possible. The keeper is between me and those men now, so I shall not mind so much."

"You will not go any farther alone," was the quiet answer. "I believe I have the pleasure of speaking to Miss Ainslie?"

"To Miss Ainslie's companion," corrected Joan, her color rising.

"Ah, Miss Vyse! I have heard my sister mention you. I am Humphrey Lisle"—smiling down at her as he once more raised his cap.

Joan bowed, and then, with a sudden impulse, held out her hand.

"I can never thank you enough, Sir Humphrey," she said—and the smile which accompanied the words had all its usual irresistible charm—"for coming to my rescue just now. If you had not done so, I don't know what would have become of me, for I was paralyzed with terror."

He took the little hand in his, stealing a glance at the lovely upturned face and the graceful figure in its simple gray gown.

"There is nothing to thank me for, really," he replied. "I am only too happy to have been able to be of service to you. And now you will allow me to be your escort, will you not, for the remainder of your walk?"

"Oh, no; I couldn't trouble you——"

"It will be a pleasure," he responded eagerly.

"But I should be taking up your time. You are out shooting."

"I shall not try my luck any more today. Ferguson and I were returning home when we saw you. My time is quite at your service, I assure you. Did I understand you to say that you were bound for the village?"

Joan hesitated, for she knew that her arrival at home without having executed Esther's commission meant a stormy evening, and that no excuse on the score of her disagreeable adventure would awaken Esther's sympathy to the exclusion of her own personal grievance.

The temptation to accept Sir Humphrey's offer to escort her to the village was very great. She would not be in the least afraid with him by her side, she thought, as she cast an admiring glance at his tall athletic-looking figure.

"I ought to go to the village," she began.

"Then to the village we will go. I want to see Willett, the police-constable, about these tramps. We must to get back your purse."

"I don't believe you will. And that *reminds me"—and Joan gave a faint little* laugh—"I have to get some ribbon for Miss Ainslie, and she gave me a sovereign to change in payment. That sovereign was in my purse, and unluckily I have no more."

"Then permit me to be your banker," Sir Humphrey said, as he put his hand into his pocket and, after the manner of men, drew therefrom a handful of gold, silver and halfpence jumbled up together. "Here is a sovereign"—handing it to her. "We can get that changed if Miss Ainslie particularly wants it."

"You are very kind. I think I will borrow it, if you don't mind, because I can return it to-morrow. We are invited to luncheon, you know," Joan added simply.

"Yes, I remember—so you are. I am very glad."

He said it, as though he meant it, as in truth he did. He wondered to himself at this change in his sentiments with regard to Miss Ainslie's promised visit, which he had hitherto regarded as a decided nuisance.

Never did Joan imagine she could enjoy a walk through Branscombe Forest so much as she did then. Sir Humphrey, anxious to efface the recollection of her recent disagreeable rencontre, exerted himself to the utmost to be amusing and entertaining, and was rewarded by seeing the pretty color come back to his companion's cheeks, and by hearing her clear sweet laugh echo blithely through the silent wood.

It was a novel experience to him to be dancing attendance on a young lady, and that young lady not his sister. The young Baronet was not, in spite of his ever-ready courtesy to all women, what is commonly called a lady's man. He never attended fair equestrians in the Row during the London season, or drove with his mother and sister when they took their usual daily airing in the Park, while, as to going shopping with them, he would as soon have thought of standing behind the tradesman's counter himself.

And yet he calmly followed Miss Vyse into the Branscombe Co-operative Stores, a place he did not remember having entered since he was a boy, when he invested in marbles wherewith to play surreptitious games in the stable-yard with the coachman's son and the boys who helped in the garden.

"Great Scott, what an awful time these

people must have of it!" he thought as he stood beside Joan while she made her purchase.

For the atmosphere of the shop was redolent of bacon, cheese, red herrings, and stale vegetables from one counter, while fustian, corduroy, and shoe leather struggled for supremacy in betraying their whereabouts opposite.

The master of the establishment was serving two customers at once, ladling out pickled cabbage in a saucer to a rosy-cheeked little maiden, while he descanted eloquently upon the relative wearing properties of merino and Scotch tweed to a comely matron.

It was a new sensation to Sir Humphrey, and by no means an unpleasant one, to feel that he was acting as escort to this pretty girl beside him, and to have her ask in matter of fact tones his opinion upon the shades of pink in the box of ribbons before her.

Having paid for the purchase for Joan, he transferred the parcel to his pocket, together with the change, which the girl begged him to take care of for the present, "because," she explained, "I have no purse to put it in, and I couldn't carry it loose in my pocket as you do."

It was getting late in the afternoon when Joan and Sir Humphrey set off on their return home. The little episode of the ribbon had made them feel quite intimate, and the girl found herself talking of herself and Esther as though she had known this young man for years.

Sir Humphrey accompanied her as far as the gate leading up the garden path to Rook's Nest, and Joan would allow him to go no farther.

"I am not at all afraid now," she remarked, "and I have given you trouble enough already."

"Nonsense! I have never spent a pleasanter afternoon!" was the honest reply. "I shall keep you to your promise to allow me to take you one of these days to the top of Twin Cawne. The view there is splendid—right across the Bristol Channel."

"I should like to go, but—we must see. I shall have to get permission. Sir Humphrey"—stopping him as he was turning away—"I—I don't think I shall tell Miss Ainslie about the man stealing my purse; it—it might worry her. I have the ribbon and the change, thanks to you, so there is no necessity to tell her the whole of the story, though of course I shall mention about meeting the tramps, and how good you have been to me."

"All right; I shall be as silent as the grave. Au revoir!" And, with a smiling glance at her, he turned away.

* * * * * * *

"And do you mean to say that Sir Humphrey Lisle walked all the way back with you?" Esther asked in dubious tones when Joan had finished her narrative of the afternoon's adventure. "Fancy your meeting him like that! Tell me what he is like, Joan."

"He is very handsome," answered Joan, gazing with dreamy eyes straight before her—"quite my ideal of what an English man should be. I never met any man I liked so much."

"Good gracious, Joan, one would think it was a case of love at first sight!"—and Esther laughed rather uneasily. "Remember, please, he is my property! I shall never rest, after your description of him, till I am Lady Lisle!"

"I don't think Sir Humphrey is a man who would easily forgive being tricked," was the cold rejoinder. "You would have to tell him the truth before you married him."

"Piddlesticks! I should do nothing of the kind. What—give him the chance of throwing me over and marrying you instead, just because you have the money and I have not! No, my dear—pas si bete! I wonder"—patting her head on one side reflectively—"whether he prefers fair or dark people, and what is his favorite color? You didn't find out, I suppose, Joan?"

"No," was the curt reply—"I did not!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE sun was shining in all its splendor upon the gray tower and turrets of Field Royal, as Miss Ainslie's pony-carriage, driven by Joan, wound round the broad avenue of chestnuts and came within sight of the house.

"Truly a fair domain to call oneself owner of," Esther thought complacently, as she gazed upon the scene before her, and made a mental resolve that she would be mistress of the estate before many months had passed.

"A home worthy of its owner," was Joan's mental comment. "No wonder people said there was not a place in England to compare with Field Royal, and no family so admired and respected as the Ainslies! What would I not give for a home like this," she thought—"far from the busy haunts of men, the turmoil and struggles of the work a day world, where the air is pure, the scenery perfect, and all that could satisfy a lover of the beautiful in art and nature is entirely at command!"

She did not communicate her thoughts to Esther, however; and they drove up to the house in silence, each occupied with her own pleasant anticipations.

The visitors received a warm welcome from Lady Lisle and her daughter, and a courteous one from Sir Humphrey, whose eyes rested critically upon Esther's fair face and golden hair, then turned to Joan with friendly recognition.

"I trust you have recovered from your fright of yesterday," he remarked kindly, as he shook hands with her. "I am sorry to say Ferguson could not come up with those fellows, and I much fear we shall hear nothing more of them——" "Or your purse," he was about to add, but a beseeching look from Joan's blue eyes stopped him.

"I am glad of it!" she answered, laughing. "I don't want to see either of them again. I can never thank you enough, Sir Humphrey, for coming to my rescue as you did!" [illegible]—she came closer to him and lowered her voice—"have brought you back this," and she pushed a little packet into his hand just as Esther turned round and came towards them.

"You must allow me to add my thanks to Miss Vyse's," she said sweetly. "It was very kind of you to see her home. I only wish she had persuaded you to come in and have a cup of tea; I was quite angry with her for not doing so. Perhaps, though"—with an arch glance—"you scorn that feminine beverage?"

"On the contrary," Sir Humphrey replied, "I am an inveterate tea-drinker, Miss Vyse"—giving her a comical glance—"never mentioned tea!"

"Did she not? How very remiss! Well, I shall make up for it by giving you an open invitation to come in to tea whenever you happen to be near Rook's Nest between four and five in the afternoon."

"Thank you! I shall certainly avail myself of your kindness," was the answer.

But Sir Humphrey was looking at Joan; and Esther, intercepting the glance, felt sorry that she had said anything about it.

Miss Lisle's greeting to Joan was quite affectionate.

"I am so delighted to find that Humphrey was able to act as knight-errant to you yesterday!" she whispered, as she and Joan followed the others on a tour through the house and grounds. "It was a mercy those men did not rob you. I dare say they would have done so if Humphrey had not appeared on the scene."

Sir Humphrey had evidently not mentioned the little episode of the purse, and Joan thanked him in her heart for having so loyally kept his word.

"I never walk in those woods alone if I can help it. I am a terrible coward on foot, though on horseback I don't care for anything or anybody. Can you ride?"

"Yes," replied the supposed companion.

"And hunt?"—"Ye—es."

This last admission came rather hesitatingly. Joan had forgotten for the moment that she was not Miss Ainslie the heiress, and that it might look strange for a person in her position to be able to sit a horse and follow the hounds.

"Then we shall have some good runs later on!" Kitty exclaimed gleefully. "Jack—er—Mr. Forsythe—is a splendid horseman, and so is Humphrey. Does Miss Ainslie ride?"

"No—I think not. She is timid, and does not even drive."

Joan spoke almost eagerly, so afraid was she that her doing what Miss Ainslie did not might cause Miss Lisle to wonder.

"Humph! I expect laziness would explain it better than timidity!" Kitty remarked bluntly; and from her tone Joan could tell that Esther had not found favor in the eyes of Humphrey's sister if she had in those of his mother.

Of the latter fact there could hardly be any doubt. Esther was looking her best and behaving her best. She quite won Lady Lisle's heart by the sweetness and graciousness of her manner; and even Sir Humphrey was not proof against her outspoken admiration of Field Royal.

Joan said but little, yet her few earnest words told Sir Humphrey, even better than Esther's effusiveness had done, that her delight and admiration were sincere and heartfelt beyond the power of expression.

When the party returned to the house, after their inspection of the dairy, he left Esther to walk on with Lady Lisle and joined Joan, who was waiting behind for Miss Lisle.

"I am very glad you like Field Royal," he began abruptly; "I hoped you would!"

"I think it is as near perfection as any place can be," Joan returned sincerely—"quite my ideal! You ought to be a happy man, Sir Humphrey."

"Yes," he replied, laughing—"you are right—I ought, and I believe I am! My only regret is that I have not more money to spend on the place."

Joan turned away from him; and when she spoke again her tone was decidedly cold.

"You should marry an heiress," she remarked.

"So my mother tells me," the Baronet answered equably. "But not even to restore Field Royal to all its ancient grandeur would I marry money alone. I have old-fashioned notions about marriage, Miss Vyse, and I actually believe in love, though I am told that the idea is entirely obsolete in these progressive days! What say you?"

"That I quite agree with you. I should not like to be married for my money, and, rather than be tied for life to a husband who sought me for that alone, I would live and die an old maid!"

"Bravo! That is just what Kitty says. Her fiance is not blessed with a superabundance of wealth, but he is the jolliest fellow out; and they are awfully fond of each other!"

"Who are?" demanded Miss Lisle, who had come out of the dairy just in time to hear her brother's concluding remark.

"Why, you and Jack Forsythe!" Sir Humphrey answered promptly. "Miss Vyse and I are discussing matrimony, and we are agreed that love is the only thing worth marrying for."

"Oh, yes—so am I!"—and Kitty blushed charmingly. "It is a melancholy fact that we sha'n't have much else to live upon—Jack and I—but love and cigarettes! Jack does spend such a heap of money on tobacco!"

"And you follow suit with gloves and boots. You'll be an awful couple!" observed her brother.

"Yes—I'm afraid we shall"—shaking her pretty head dolefully—"and most likely settle down to a musical career in some seaside resort, with a piano on wheels, which I shall play while he sings. I am told that, with a long ulster, a crush hat, and blue spectacles, your disguise is complete, and, if you hint at possessing a title, your fortune is made. However, Jack likes me to be well shod, and I like him to smoke, so we sha'n't quarrel over the consequences. There is the luncheon bell!"

Lady Lisle was, on the whole, quite satisfied with the results of her little manœuver to make her son and Miss Ainslie acquainted. She had never known Sir Humphrey to make himself so agreeable to her young lady-guests; and, before the two girls left, he himself accompanied them through the conservatories, loading the supposed heiress with grapes and flowers to take back with her to Rook's Nest, and promising to walk over there the next day for afternoon-tea.

Esther could scarcely contain herself for delight and gratified vanity as she leaned back in the carriage, while Joan whipped up the ponies, and they bowled away down the drive en route for home.

Already Esther saw herself the future mistress of beautiful Field Royal, the admiration of the county and the belle of the London season. The thought was well worth the boredom she had endured in inspecting cows, farmyards, dairies, pictures and pigs. She cared for none of these things, as she took care to inform Joan, to the latter's intense disgust, remembering Esther's rapturous admiration of one and all of them.

"But then, you see, my dear, my admiration pleased Sir Humphrey and Sir Humphrey's mamma," Esther said flippantly—"that was everything. He is certainly nice, rather goody-goody, I imagine, with a penchant for family prayers and cold dinners on Sundays. But we shall change all that; and he is just the sort of man who would idolize his wife, and not feel the least disappointed when he found she had no money after all. Don't you think so, Joan?"

"I think he would resent being deceived by his wife, however much he loved her," was the reply; "and he is worthy of being married for himself, not for Field Royal."

"Humph! I believe you have lost your heart to him, Joan! However, I'm not jealous as long as he makes me Lady Lisle. I don't believe in love any more than I believe in art. They both mean poverty. I ought to have been born in the purple, but, since I wasn't, why"—laughing—"I mean to die in it! Lady Lisle has asked us to go and spend a day or two at Field Royal by-and-by, and she also said something about our spending Christmas there. I declare, Joan," Esther wound up excitedly, "we could not have improved on Rook's Nest after all!"

"No," replied Joan, but she spoke absently.

* * * * * * *

For a fortnight after the visit of Esther and Joan to Field Royal, they and the Lisles saw a good deal of each other. The shooting-party had assembled, and several small galeties were set on foot, such as dinner-parties followed by a dance, a visit by moonlight to a haunted glen, and last, but by no means least, a concert and amateur theatricals, to which the entire village was invited.

Esther, among other accomplishments, possessed a soprano voice of rare quality and sweetness, which had been carefully trained by a good master, who, owing her father money, had taken that method of discharging the debt. She was also a very fair actress, and, in the little operetta which had been chosen to succeed the one-act play, she and Sir Humphrey carried off the honors of the evening, to Lady Lisle's unfeigned delight and satisfaction.

Neither Esther nor Joan had thought it necessary to change Christian names, since they were not at all likely to meet any one they knew; and, even if they did, the change would not save them from discovery. Besides, it was likely to lead to lapses of forgetfulness on both sides, far more difficult to remedy than to avoid.

Esther was by this time quite reconciled to Rook's Nest, and regarded her chance of becoming Lady Lisle as a certainty, often annoying Joan by harping upon the success of the trick they were playing upon the unsuspecting family at Field Royal, and the amusement which the final denouement would afford her.

September and October passed away, and with the first days of November the delights of slaughtering partridges and pheasants began to give way in the minds of the sportsmen to the thoughts of splendid runs and long days spent in the saddle in the wake of the Blankshire hounds.

Early one morning, Sir Humphrey came over to Rook's Nest with a note from his mother, asking both the girls to go over to Field Royal the next day and remain as long as they wished.

"You will find it dull this side of Christmas shut up at Rook's Nest," wrote her ladyship, "and we shall be only too pleased if you will take up your quarters here instead. If you will send word what time it would be convenient to you to come, I will despatch the carriage."

"Better let me drive over for you, Miss Ainslie," Sir Humphrey said, when Esther had read the note and expressed to him a delighted acceptance of the invitation. "I shall be most pleased, I assure you."

"Thank you very much, Sir Humphrey—if it will not be troubling you."

"It will give me the greatest pleasure, Miss Ainslie!" was the eager reply.

"I mean to have a really good time," Esther said, as she and Joan set about the task of choosing her wardrobe for the coming visit. "And if you don't interfere, Joan, and Sir Humphrey proposes to me, you will be quite safe, as far as I am concerned, that your secret will die with me. It is not a hard condition, is it?"—smiling sweetly.

But, in her heart, Joan thought it was; and that night when she went to bed her pillow was wet with tears. They were the first she had ever shed since the day when Esther told her of the discovery of the secret, for Joan was not given to weeping. But now she felt as though some dark cloud of evil were hovering over her head, and that this visit to Field Royal would be the end of all her happiness.

"If only I could tell him the truth," she sobbed, "before he proposes to Esther and discovers the trick she has played upon him! But he, of all people, must never become acquainted with this secret of mine. I almost wish I had not agreed to Esther's demands, but had let her do her worst, and gone and hidden my disgrace in a foreign land. It would have been better for me, for I couldn't have been more miserable than I am now!"

The girls arrived at Field Royal rather later on the following afternoon than they expected, Sir Humphrey having driven them from Rook's Nest by a circuitous route in order to show Joan a wonderful view which she had once expressed a desire to see; and the whole of the house-party was assembled for afternoon tea

when they made their appearance, followed by their host, in the drawing-room.

To the great relief of both Esther and Joan, they discovered that there was not among all the assembled guests a single face they knew, nor a name with which they could associate a former friend or enemy.

There were a North-country bishop, with his wife and daughter—pleasant homely people, whom Joan took to at once; a handsome American widow, young and fascinating still, with a son and two daughters—beautiful girls, full of fun and gaiety, who found life very enjoyable, and were not above acknowledging the fact; one or two Army men, friends of Sir Humphrey's, who somehow always managed to get leave when there was the chance of a run with the Blankshire hounds.

Jack Forsythe's two sisters—one of them a young widow with a four-year old son—were also of the party; and last, but not least, Jack himself, a good-looking, indolent young man, with the sweetest temper and most musical voice imaginable, who had not an idea in the world beyond Kitty and unlimited cigarettes.

"He will smoke himself to death one of these days," Sir Humphrey was wont to declare—"he hasn't energy or brains to smoke himself mad; and then he'll be buried with a cigarette in his mouth."

At present, however, Mr. Forsythe's stalwart form and fair ruddy face showed no signs of a premature decay; and Kitty's fears, increased by her brother's gloomy prognostications, sank to rest as she looked at him.

Jack admired Miss Ainslie's companion immensely, as Kitty had predicted he would, and the two were great friends; but, strange to say, the heiress found no favor in his sight—in fact he took no pains to conceal his dislike to her.

CHAPTER V.

LADY LISLE received the two girls with every expression of kindly welcome, introducing them to the other guests and establishing them in a cosy corner near the fire. She declared, with a shiver, that it made her creep to think of their driving in an open carriage on so cold a day. She had entreated Humphrey to send the brougham, but he would drive drive over for them himself—with a smile at Esther, who vainly tried to blush.

Joan had scarcely seated herself and taken the cup of tea Sir Humphrey handed her when Jack Forsythe came leisurely across the room and sank into a vacant chair by her side.

"I'm awfully glad you've come, Miss Vyse,' he began. "The meet takes place next week. Going to hunt? Awful bore hunting!"

Joan turned her eyes, full of amusement, upon him.

"I wonder what you don't find an awful bore?" she remarked questioningly.

"Well—not you," he answered coolly—"you don't bore me in the least!"

"Thank you!"—and Joan laughed outright. "I'm sure I feel immensely flattered."

"You ought, for I never pay compliments as a rule, you know—it's such a trouble to think of 'em. I say"—suddenly lowering his voice—"Humphrey seems to be making way over there, doesn't he?"

Joan started, and the smiles left her face as she looked in the direction indicated by her companion. Esther was sitting in an easy chair by the fire, and before her, leaning one arm on the high mantle, stood Sir Humphrey Lisle, listening with almost love-like attention to what she was saying.

Esther looked extremely well. Her gown of dark blue cloth fitted her like a glove, and the fire light glinted upon her golden hair and statuesque features. Many admiring eyes were fixed upon her, and some of the guests wondered whether she was not in reality their host's fiancee—a state of affairs which Lady Lisle had hinted to her intimate friends as being possible.

"Is she going to have him?" persisted Mr. Forsythe, finding Joan did not reply to his former question.

"I don't know, Mr. Forsythe. You had better ask her."

Joan's tone was so chilling that Jack stared at her in surprise.

"Oh, Lor'!" he answered with a gasp. "I'd as soon cut my throat! She doesn't like me, you know."

"How do you know? What a handsome girl that is—near Miss Ainslie! Who is she? I didn't catch her name."

"Merriton—Rosalind Merriton. They're Americans—awfully nice people, only so painfully energetic. That girl actually asked me to get up one of these mornings and take her to the top of Twin Cawne to see the sun rise!"

"How very thoughtless of her!" Joan's laugh came in her relief at having changed the conversation from Esther and her attendant cavalier.

"There's Mrs. Merriton—the mother—coming over here to speak to you. I'll skedaddle;" and Jack was about to rise when Joan stopped him.

"No," she exclaimed—"don't go! There is another chair; besides which I am sure you are wrong—I don't know her."

"Oh, but that won't matter to Mrs. Merriton if she has taken a fancy to you! Yes—here she comes!"

Just as he spoke the lady in question reached the spot where they were sitting and calmly sat herself down beside Joan.

"Your aunt, Lady Ellen Ainslie, told me I should probably have the pleasure of making your acquaintance, Miss Ainslie," she began, with a pleasant smile. "I happened to mention when I met her at Lucerne that I was coming to Field Royal, and she then told me that the Lisles were friends of yours, and that you had taken a house near here for the winter."

Joan's face was a study.

At first the girl had received Mrs. Merriton's mention of her aunt with a radiant smile, entirely forgetting her new role of companion. But suddenly awakening to a sense of her position, as Mrs. Merriton finished her speech, the smile left her lips and the color her cheeks.

"I—you mistake," she replied, speaking coldly because of the indefinable dread which was stealing over her. "That is Miss Ainslie sitting over there—talking to Sir Humphrey Lisle—I am only her companion."

"Oh, indeed! I beg your pardon."

Mrs. Merriton raised a pair of long handled eyeglasses and looked across at Esther.

"So that is Lady Ellen's niece, is it?" she queried half to herself, then turned again to Joan—"Do you know, I quite thought from the description that you were Miss Ainslie. My memory is certainly failing me"—with a little laugh. "Are you staying at Field Royal for any length of time?"

"I do not know," was the answer, though Joan thought that another contretemps like the present would drive her away post-haste.

"Was Lady Ellen quite well when you saw her?" she asked, after a pause.

"Pretty well, though she was complaining of rheumatism in her knee, and thought of coming back to England to see her own doctor."

"Oh!" exclaimed Joan, and her heart sank within her.

"She often said she wished she had her niece with her. It seems a pity for them to separate, and, to tell you the truth, I do think it is strange for Miss Ainslie to take a house, for herself and live there with only a girl as young as, perhaps younger than herself for companion. Excuse me, Miss—Miss——"

"Vyse," Joan explained.

"I told Lady Ellen so, but she only laughed and said—'Oh, I can trust Joan quite well—she can look after them both!'"

"Joan! Why, that's your name, Miss Vyse," suddenly remarked Jack Forsythe, who had not hitherto made any effort to take part in the conversation. "I think it's an awfully jolly name, don't you, Mrs. Merriton?"

"Yes—very nice;" but Mrs. Merriton looked puzzled.

"Lady Ellen was speaking of me. She always calls me by my Christian name, and she meant that she left her niece in my charge," Joan managed to answer calmly, though she devoutly wished she were anywhere else, so agonized was her dread of what would happen next.

Mrs. Merriton looked at the girl scrutinizingly. The American lady hid, under a mask of languid, good natured indifference, a shrewd calculating brain and a large store of worldly wisdom. She saw that, for some reason or other, Miss Ainslie's companion was not at her ease, that she seemed almost distressed at the mere mention of Lady Ellen, whose acquaintance Mrs Merriton had casually made while traveling with her son and daughters in Switzerland, and she pitied her.

Skilfully turning the conversation by a trivial remark about Rook's Nest and the neighborhood generally, she rose presently, declaring that she must go and talk to Miss Ainslie about her aunt, and moved away to where Esther was sitting, trying to get up a mild flirtation with her host.

The task had not so much engrossed Esther's attention however as to prevent her sharp ears from catching stray scraps of the conversation between Joan and the American lady, nor did her companion's crimson cheeks and look of distress escape her notice.

Esther made up her mind at once that this was a friend of Lady Ellen's, and therefore was duly on her guard when Mrs. Merriton drew a chair near hers and told her that she had a message to give her from her aunt. The communication was received with a charming smile and sweetly-uttered thanks, and Miss Ainslie did not even change color when Mrs. Merriton added—

"Lady Ellen spoke a great deal of Joan, and I made sure that the name was yours, Miss Vyse, however, claims it."

"Yes—aunt Ellen is very fond of Joan. I feel quite jealous sometimes!"—laughing. "Any one would think she was her niece, not I."

"Well, I certainly was under that impression. What a very handsome girl she is—quite a beauty!"—and once more Mrs. Merriton's glasses were called into requisition, this time to contemplate Joan, who, having recovered her equanimity, was leaning back in her chair and smiling at some remark of Jack Forsythe's.

"Yes—she is not bad-looking. I could not endure to have an ugly companion," was the rather coldly-spoken reply, for Esther was annoyed to find that Sir Humphrey's eyes had been for the last few minutes intently watching the couple opposite.

"She has such a remarkably sweet smile and glorious eyes. I should be quite jealous if I were your sister, Sir Humphrey. Mr. Forsythe looks quite animated!"—and Mrs. Merriton laughed good-naturedly.

"Joan is a terrible flirt," Miss Ainslie said, with a sigh, "and utterly heartless. That is her one fault."

"She doesn't look so," Mrs. Merriton remarked. "I only spoke in fun."

"All the same I think I had better go and play gooseberry, for Kitty's sake," observed Sir Humphrey, laughing; and, to Esther's unconcealed annoyance, he left her and, crossing the room, took the chair next Joan which Mrs. Merriton had vacated.

Miss Ainslie could not catch what they were saying, for Mrs. Merriton went on talking—principally respecting Joan.

"I have taken a great fancy to Miss Vyse," she said. "She reminds me of my dear eldest daughter, who died three years ago. She was called Joan, too, after her grandmother, and when Lady Ellen mentioned your companion the name alone sufficed to awaken my interest. She fairly startled me when she came into the room, for I seemed to see my Joan once more before me."

A tear, which she hastily wiped away, dropped upon the white begemmed hands clasped in Mrs. Merriton's lap. One word of sympathy from the girl at her side would have made the elder lady Esther's friend for life. But the face of the latter was cold and hard as stone, and in the cat-like eyes fixed upon the object of Mrs. Merriton's remarks there shone the fire of revengeful hate.

"Jealous," thought the astute matron—"and with reason. Humphrey Lisle is by no means insensible to pretty Joan's charms, or else I mistake greatly. What a pity it is that she is not the heiress—for I know the Lisles are not rich, and Lady Lisle told me herself that her son must marry money! I don't like this niece of Lady Ellen's at all; she is not at all like the person I expected to see. No wonder her aunt seems fonder of Joan! I must have some talk with her when I get an opportunity."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GETTING READY.—One day some years since the French painter Gleyre, who has recently died, while walking through one of the low quarters of Paris, met an old man of striking appearance, with long hair over his temples, brilliant eyes, the face of an ascetic, a flowing beard, and in the costume of a lazzarone. On the old man's asking alms, the painter said to him, "Here's half a franc for you. I am an artist, and am living at No.—, Rue——. If you will come to my studio to-morrow morning, I will give you three francs an hour." And as he walked on he said to himself, "That old beggar will be a splendid model for my 'Saint Peter at the Gates of Rome,' which I have so long had in view." The next day the painter heard his bell ring, and immediately afterwards the beggar entered, but no longer recognizable. In order to put in a respectable appearance, he had had his hair cut and his beard trimmed. There was now nothing about him to distinguish him from an ordinary beggar. "You can come again when your hair and your beard have grown," said the artist, "but not before."

Bric-a-Brac.

UNKINDNESS.—By a new law in Germany it is enacted that a husband who is habitually cruel or unkind to his wife shall work all the week, hand over his wages to his wife on pay day, and go to gaol on Saturday night and Sunday.

A VANISHING RACE.—The Pigmies of Central Africa are supposed to be the remains of an ancient race which once occupied the whole of tropical Africa. They have lost their original language and history, and but few of their original numbers remain.

STEAM WHISTLES.—A device has been patented by a Columbus (Ind.) man by which steam whistles are to be sounded by electricity. From any given point all the steam whistles in the United States can be sounded simultaneously. The object is for sounding the whistles on correct time.

A VANISHING MOUNTAIN.—Dahebel Nalbo—"The Sinking Mountain"—an isolated Algerian peak, is now only about 800 feet high, and is known to be slowly but surely disappearing. In the time of the Cesars it was nearly twice its present height. Near the "Sinking Mountain" is a large, clear lake called Fezzara, which is said to have risen over a large city that sunk in the year 400 A. D.

FRESH FROM THE GRILL.—Amongst birds of prey there is none so "cheeky" as the Kite. The Brahma kites of India, or, as the sailors call them, "Bromley Kites," have a keen eye for a titbit, and show any amount of daring in securing possession of it. Once, whilst the steward of a ship was carrying a steak from the cook's galley to the cabin, a kite pounced down on him, picked up the savoury meat with its foot, and was away almost before the unfortunate man could understand where the gravy with which he was so plentifully bespattered had come from.

THE "ROSIN" BIBLE.—In 1609 there was published at the sign of the "Holy Lamb" in Douai, a town in the northeast of France, not far from the Belgian frontier, an edition of the Bible which, in consequence of the quaint translation of a well known passage, has sometimes been called the "Rosin" Bible. The first portion of the twenty second verse of the eighth chapter of the book of the Prophet Jeremiah ran thus in the first edition: "Is there noe rosin in Galaad? or is there no phisition there?" It seems hardly necessary to say that we now read "balm" instead of "rosin."

WHERE THE BEAR IS A PET.—Amongst the Ainu of Japan the bear is kept as a kind of pet. But for the fact that the people do not pay rent, it might, like the Irishman's pig, be described as the "gintleman that pays the rint." Brought to the hut as a cub, it is allowed the run of the wretched hovel until it has reached such a size that it becomes more than able to take care of itself. Then a log cage is built for it, and there it is diligently fattened until the family can no longer resist the temptation of a feast, when it is slain and eaten amidst great rejoicings, the skin being used either for clothing or as a blanket.

FISH WHICH GO SHOOTING.—The jaculator fish which is found in the lakes of Java, uses its mouth as a squirt-gun, and is a good marksman. If a stake or pale is put in the water with the end projecting three feet above the surface, and a beetle fly is placed on top of the pole, the water will soon be swarming with finny gunners. Presently one comes to the surface, observes its prey, and measures its distance. Then it screws its mouth into a very funny shape, discharges a stream of water, and knocks the fly or beetle into the water, where it is instantly devoured by the successful shooter, or some of its hungry companions.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE FIREFLIES.—It gives a visitor to a Brazilian forest a kind of uncanny feeling when he first sees the fireflies flitting to and fro—tiny sparkling specks that are, of course, only visible in the dark. After a thunderstorm they are especially numerous—to be counted, seemingly, by the thousand. They can be put to a practical use, as travelers in need of a light, or short of matches, have proved frequently; for a few of them caught and caged in a glass bottle give off a light bright enough to read by. As their light is most brilliant when they are irritated, this angry state should be, and as a matter of fact is, easily produced by imprisonment in a bottle.

FORGET-ME-NOTS.

BY L. C. J.

gave them to me in the long ago,
Only a little bunch of flow'rets blue;
my heart I kept them—I loved them so!
They seemed like our love, strong, pure, and true.

Hoved them then, and I love them yet,
Because she gave them to me with her heart
And told me that with tears they had been wet,
And begged me that from them I would never part.

But jealous, cruel time, with burning breath,
Drank from their stems the essence of her tears,
And left them flutt'ring in the throes of death,
A phantom memory of those love-lit years.

I have them now, a bunch of time-dried straw,
Tied with a ribbon faded as can be;
But I shall always keep and love them more
Because she gave them, wet with tears, to me.

LOVED AND LOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

DESPAIR still lent her strength when she went downstairs in the morning, and it helped her to face Mrs. Johnson's kindly curious and pitying looks and inquiries.

"If you'd only stay in bed, ma'am," she said. "I don't know what Mr. Bernard will say when he comes home."

Nance turned her face away.

"I do not expect him back—yet," she said, as steadily as she could. "I am going up to London this morning. I may be away some little time."

"Yes, ma'am. Going to join Mr. Bernard, I suppose?" said Mrs. Johnson unsuspiciously.

"Is the rent paid?" asked poor Nance, unconsciously revealing her consideration for others even in the midst of her own misery.

"Oh yes, ma'am. Mr. Bernard paid it last Monday—a month in advance, though I begged him not to. And all the trades people's books too. I never had lodgers as paid so promptly as you, Mrs. Bernard."

Nance made a pretence of eating some breakfast, and ordered a fly.

"Won't you have the dog cart, ma'am?" suggested Mrs. Johnson.

But no; Nance said she would have a fly. The sight of the dog cart and Becky would, she knew, have broken down all her self-control. Then she went upstairs and packed up.

First she collected all the jewelry Bernard had given her, and put it amongst his own things in a drawer; then she changed her dress for that which she had worn when she left Eden-row with him, and making the lace pillow into a parcel she was ready to go. She would go just as she had come, richer by no single thing of the many he had given her. Just as she had come so she would vanish from his life.

The fly came to the door, and Mrs. Johnson took an affectionate, and still unsuspecting, leave of her.

"You'll let me know when you are coming back, ma'am," she said, "that I may have everything straight and ready?"

And Nance, forcing a wan smile, murmured—

"Yes."

She had formed no plan as to her future, but she was possessed with the idea that she ought to go to Eden-row to hear if her father had returned, and, with the instinct of economy, she walked from Waterloo to Chelsea.

If only Bernard, lying unconscious, could have seen her slowly walking, with limbs that ached well nigh as acutely as her heart, along the crowded streets!

The sight of her old home gave her a fresh pang, for it recalled Bernard's visits, the first words of love he had spoken to her.

Struggling with the faintness caused by the poignancy of her sorrow, she pushed open the gate and knocked at the door. Sarah opened it, and gave the subdued scream which she deemed appropriate to the occasion.

"Lor', Miss Nance, and is it really you?" she exclaimed. "Well, I never! And all alone, too!" she added with precocious sharpness, as she looked beyond Nance as if she expected to see Bernard. "Well, it's lucky I was in, for I ain't here all the time, o' course. But, lor', miss, how queer you look! 'Ave you been ill?"

Scarcely knowing what reply she made, Nance went into the little sitting-room and sank into a chair, and Sarah stood and gazed at her with saucer eyes.

"I never expected to see you back, Miss Nance," she said sententiously. "And you looking so ill, too! There, take off your 'at and jacket, and I'll make you some tea."

Nance leant back with closed eyes.

The room, with all the memories it awakened, tortured her almost beyond endurance. She could see him, hear him, as he held her hand that day and whispered, "Nance, I love you. Be my wife!"

His wife! Well, she had saved him against himself. She had been right. She was not fit to be his wife. He had proved that she was right. He was going to marry one who was fit—Felicia Damerel. The tears rolled down her pale cheeks, and she trembled.

Sarah brought in the tea, and was genuinely concerned, as well as fearfully curious.

"And ain't Mr. Bernard coming, miss?" she asked, after staring at Nance in silence for some time.

Nance shook her head.

"He is away," she said, trying to speak steadily. "He will not be here for—for some time. Has—has my father been back?"

Sarah shook her head.

"Lor', no, miss," she said. "Did you expect 'im? I didn't. But there's been a lady and a gentleman."

Nance raised her dull, aching eyes.

"Yes, miss. The lady was a orful swell, though she was only a dressmaker, an' she come in a slap-up kerrige. She come to pay a bill; a lady—lady—something to do with the—— I forgot the exact name; but however, here it is, miss, all correct, as you'll find." And she brought the bill and the money.

Nance glanced at them listlessly.

"And—and the gentleman?" she asked tremulously. "Was it Mr Bernard?"

"No, I don't mean Mr. Bernard," said Sarah, shrewdly interpreting Nance's tone. "'E ain't been for some time. This yer gentleman as I mean was a old gentleman, like a—like the man as comes for the taxes, but more of a swell. He was 'ere yesterday again, and was orfully put out to find you wasn't at 'ome, and that I couldn't give 'im your address. 'E give me 'arf a crown," she added, with a jerk of her head, "an' 'e said if you come back you was to be sure an' leave your address, because it was important. Now I'll give you another cup of tea, Miss Nance, and, if you take my advice, you'll go straight to bed, for you looks to me as if you was sickening for something; measles is very much about."

Nance got rid of her, for Sarah's rough sympathy was like a rough hand upon a recent wound, and, lying back with closed eyes, tried to shape out her future.

She could not stay at Eden row. Bernard, or some messenger from him, would seek for her there, and torture her with the offer of money.

But where could she go?

Wherever she went, whatever she did, she must work. And an hour later, with eyes that burned like hot coals, with a heart that ached as if it were held in an iron band, she was bending over her lace-pillow.

Oh, Nance, Nance, if Bernard could only have seen you there!

Slowly, painfully she formed the delicate bit of lace. At times her eyes refused to execute their task; her fingers, set a trembling by some thought of Bernard and her lost happiness, faltered and failed; but she was still at work when the sun sank behind the river, and the summer gloaming fell.

She sank back in her chair, and covered her eyes with her hands.

Was it all a dream? Yes, surely it was nothing more substantial than a dream! No such person as Cyril, no such place as Myrtle Cottage, existed. Her father would come in presently half intoxicated and querulous—all things would be as they had been.

It was a dream—a dream of joy, of happiness beyond all that woman had ever yet imagined; but still a dream.

Then, as the tears gathered in her burning eyes, there came a knock at the door of the room.

Mechanically she said "Come in," thinking it was Sarah. The door opened, and an elderly man, with sparse white hair and small sharp eyes entered.

He wore a frock coat and a tall hat, and had a pair of eye-glasses balanced on his nose. He looked around the small room with an impatient glance, and let fall an ejaculation of relief and satisfaction as he directed the eye glasses at Nance.

"Miss Grey?" he said in a sharp but not unkind voice.

Nance rose, her hand grasping the back of her chair, and looking at him silently.

"You are Miss Grey, I presume?" he said.

"I am Miss Grey," said Nance, and her voice sounded hollow and strained in her ears.

"Thank God!" he muttered, under his breath. Then, aloud, he said, "I am rejoiced to find that you have come back, Miss Grey. Of all the reprehensible practices, that of leaving home without leaving an address is the most unpardonable. It always leads to trouble and confusion—always."

Nance motioned him to a chair, and stood regarding him with but faint interest.

He leant both hands on his umbrella, and looked at her steadily for a moment or two, muttering, quite loud enough for her to have heard, "Beautiful girl; very! Wonder how she'll take it. Must be cautious." Then he coughed, and fixing the eye glasses more firmly, said, aloud—

"My name is Graham; Graham, Dockitt and Graham, solicitors. I don't suppose you ever heard of us, Miss Grey?"

Nance shook her head wearily. If she conjectured at all, she thought that his visit was in some way connected with her father.

"No, I daresay not," he said. "And yet we've been in communication with your—ahem!—Mr. Grey pretty constantly. You didn't know that?"

"No," said Nance.

"I will sit down, if you will allow me. Mr. Grey is, I think—ahem!—away from home?"

"Yes," said Nance, with downcast eyes.

"And not likely to return. Just so," said Mr. Graham, as if that disposed of the subject of Mr. Grey's absence. "And he never mentioned my name—our name—Graham, Dockitt and Graham?"

Nance shook her head wearily.

"Excuse me if I say that the silence was rather extraordinary, for we were, as I have said, in regular communication with him; and—er—in fact, my dear young lady, we have been in the habit of paying him a small allowance, an allowance accorded him by a client of ours, who—er—is, and has always been—er—interested in yourself."

Nance raised her eyes.

"In me?" she said. "I—I have never known anything of it. My father——" She stopped and sighed.

("Kept the whole of the money for himself. Of course," said Mr. Graham, in what he thought an inaudible tone. "Just what he would do; hopeless vagabond!) The reason of our client's interest in you is—er—rather a long story," he resumed. "It will have to be told; yes, certainly; but I think I had better postpone it, and come to the object of my visit. Miss Grey, the client of whom I speak, and who has been Mr. Grey's benefactor for so many years, is very ill—very ill indeed—and he has expressed a desire to see you."

He paused, and watched Nance's face keenly.

"This may, does, surprise you, no doubt, but I feel sure you will not refuse the request of a—er—er—well, dying man. I am sure you have too tender a heart for that; and—er—therefore, if you wouldn't mind putting on your things and accompanying me at once, I shall feel extremely obliged."

He arose and glanced at his watch, as if he felt that he had spent quite a long time in breaking his request to her, and then looked at her over his glasses expectantly.

"Why does this gentleman wish to see me?" Nance asked after a moment or two of silence. "Does he know me?"

Mr. Graham coughed.

"In a sense, I may say he does," he replied, "though he has not seen you for several years; but he has not forgotten you, as the allowance always remitted by us with regularity will prove. That you have not directly profited by it is—er—not his fault, I think you will allow."

("Wonder whether she will come!")

Nance rose.

"I will come with you," she said, simply.

"Good—very good. A sensible girl, very. By Jove! how proud I should be of her if she were my daughter!" he said, rubbing his glasses.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Nance put on her hat and jacket.

"I am ready," she said simply.

Her quiet self-possession evidently impressed the old gentleman, and he nodded two or three times approvingly as he led the way to a hansom that was waiting outside.

"Drive back," was all the direction he gave the cabman.

They drove eastward, and stopped at No. 99 Guilford street. The door was opened to them by the grim-looking servant who had opened it for Sir Terence.

"How is your master now?" asked Mr. Graham.

She looked curiously at Nance before replying.

"Just the same, sir. He is expecting you."

"Come in here, Miss Grey," he said, and he opened the door of a dreary dining-room.

Nance stood in the centre of the looking round her. She was not nervous, and yet she was conscious of a strange sense that something of strange import to herself was to happen.

Mr. Graham came back to her in a very few minutes.

"Come upstairs with me, my dear young lady," he said. Then he took her hand and drew it within his arm. "You are not afraid?" he asked. "Will you have a glass of wine?"

"No," said Nance. "I am not afraid; but—but I do not understand——"

"You will presently," he said. "Don't be surprised at whatever you may hear or see. And—er—I am sure you will not forget that he whom we are now going to see is an old man, and very, very ill. You will not be hard with him?"

"I will not forget," said Nance, wondering still more.

He led her up the broad stairs and into a large, old-fashioned room, with heavy furniture. The blinds were partly drawn, but in the semi-darkness Nance saw a gaunt old man lying back in a huge chair. He was terribly thin and emaciated, and his thick brows stood out conspicuously from his sunken face, and shadowed the piercing eyes which fixed themselves on her as she entered with a strange scrutiny. An expression of surprise and wondering admiration crossed his face, and his hands gripped each other.

"I have brought her, Harwood," said Mr. Graham.

Stephen Harwood pointed to a chair near him, and Mr. Graham led Nance to it, but still held her hand and patted it, as if to encourage her.

"This is an old friend of mine, Mr. Stephen Harwood, my dear young lady," he said. "It is he who wishes to see you; who—er—made the allowance to your father, which I mentioned."

Nance felt that she ought to speak; she felt nervous now, under the steady regard of the piercing eyes, and something more than nervous.

"Mr. Graham told me that you wished to see me," she said, in her low, sweet voice, and at the sound of it Stephen Harwood started slightly, and his hands trembled. He glanced at Mr. Graham significantly.

"It is her voice," he said, huskily.

Mr. Graham nodded.

"Yes, yes," he said, "the very same; she is like her in face as well. It's a pity——" He stopped, and coughed

"Say on," said Stephen Harwood grimly.

"Well, I will. It's a pity that you have not sent for her before this. What you have lost, my dear Harwood—what you have lost!"

Stephen Harwood turned his face away for a moment, then he looked at Nance.

"You are wondering why I have sent for you—who I am?" he said.

"Yes," Nance said, gently.

"Shall I go?" asked Mr. Graham, softly.

Stephen Harwood shook his head.

"Not yet."

Then he addressed Nance again.

"Did you ever hear my name before?"

"No," replied Nance. "My father never mentioned it."

The thick brows lowered over the piercing eyes.

"Your father! Where is he?"

Nance looked down, and Mr. Graham coughed significantly, and frowned at Stephen Harwood.

"Ah! I remember. He has left you—Graham told me. He is, and always was, a scoundrel."

Nance half rose, but sank down again. She had promised to remember that the man was old and dying.

"I might have expected it," went on Stephen Harwood; "I might have expected that he would neglect you, treat you badly. But I did not care. Now—now it is too late! Too late!" He leant his head in his hands, and sighed heavily. After a moment he let his hands fall from his face.

"Has—has he treated you very badly?" he asked. "You have been poor?"

"Not very; only sometimes," said Nance quietly, "I have always had enough work——"

"Work!" he groaned. "What work?"

"I make lace," she said simply.

"My God!" he moaned. "You hear, Graham! While I——" He broke off suddenly and turned to Nance again. "But you have not been unhappy—tell me that?"

Nance suppressed a sigh as she thought of the last too happy month, of the joy she had known and lost for ever. Her eyes filled with tears. Stephen Harwood put out his hand as if to touch her arm, then drew it back.

"You will be poor no longer," he said, in the thin, forced voice of exhaustion; "I am rich——"

"Very rich," murmured Mr. Graham.

"For years, ever since I can remember, I have been gathering money together, toiling night and day unceasingly. I have houses, land, stocks. That man knows better than I how much."

Mr. Graham nodded again.

"And now I am dying and going to leave it all! Do you know why I tell you this, why I have sent for you?"

"No," said Nance, but she trembled.

He fixed his eyes upon her with a singular expression, almost an appealing one.

"Because I am going to leave it all to you," he said.

Nance looked at him in speechless amazement for a moment. "To me?" she said at last.

"Yes, to you. You are surprised. You wondered why a stranger, whose name you never heard till to-day, should leave his wealth to you. Can you not guess? Does no faint glimmer of the real reason break in on your mind? Think, child!"

Nance shook her head.

"I—I cannot think," she said. "It is all so strange, so unreal——"

"I—I knew your mother," she said, almost inaudibly.

"My mother," Nance breathed. "I never heard—I do not remember her; she died when I was a little child. Oh, tell me about her!" And she leant forward, her hands clasped tightly in her lap.

Stephen Harwood's gaunt face worked spasmodically.

"Ask—ask him to tell you when I am gone," he said, pointing to the old lawyer. "I cannot speak of her. I—my God! how like her she is! Take your eyes off me, child; take them off!" And he hid his face in his hands.

Something trembled in Nance's bosom; the filial instinct stirred within her. In raising his hands he had let his handkerchief fall. She stooped and, almost on her knees, picked it up and laid it softly on his knees.

He felt the touch, soft as it was, and his hands fluttered down feebly on her shoulders.

"Child!" he said, brokenly. "I am your father."

Nance shrank back for a moment, gazing at the wan face with something like fear; then the expression melted into one of infinite tenderness, and her head dropped upon his breast.

Mr. Graham rose softly, and stole on tip-toe from the room.

When he returned, a few minutes later, Nance was still on her knees, her hands holding the wasted ones of the dying man. There were tears in her eyes; she was trembling slightly, but she was quite calm, for the presence of the King of Terrors awes all emotion into stillness.

"Have you told her all, Harwood?" he asked in a low voice.

Stephen Harwood shook his head.

"No," he said. "Tell her—you."

The old lawyer seated himself in the chair from which Nance had risen.

"My friend has told you the truth, my dear young lady," he said. "You are his daughter."

Nance turned her eyes upon him half fearfully.

"Then—my father—I mean Mr. Grey?"

"Was your uncle," said Mr. Graham. "Your father married his sister. It was—ahem—it was not a suitable marriage, and, like most unsuitable ones, it turned out unhappily. The fault——"

"Was mine," said the voice of the dying man, sternly.

The old lawyer coughed.

"We won't go into that, my dear. Suffice it that they thought it best to separate. Your mother went with her child—that is you, you know—to live with her brother, Mr. Grey. He was in a respectable position then, and it seemed the best arrangement possible. Your father made your mother, as I have said, an allowance, a portion of which he continued to Mr. Grey when she died. He had no idea—in justice, I must tell you this—that your guardian was in difficulties, or that you were—ahem—in poor circumstances, and working for your living."

"No!" said the grim, feeble voice.

"In justice to myself, I must state that I have often urged your father to send for you and place you in your right place as his daughter; but—well, well, bygones shall be bygones. Though Mr. Grey was not—er—everything we could wish, he does not seem to have treated you cruelly. Heaven has watched over you, and your own goodness has, I am sure, my dear young lady, been your best guardian."

A faint cry rose from Nance's lips, and she hid her face on the dying man's knee. Neither of the men understood the cry, nor the sudden movement of despair; but Stephen Harwood laid his shaking hand on her head, which was now bare.

"But we will try and forget the past," continued Mr. Graham, rather nervously. "We will forget it entirely, and—er—only think of the future. You are in your right place at last, and I am sure," his voice grew slow and solemn, "that you will not refuse your father a daughter's love, and——"

"Forgiveness!" finished the feeble voice.

"Oh, no, no!" Nance cried, and her arms stole round the father's neck.

His lips moved, but no sound came from them, and presently his head fell back and his eyes closed.

Nance rose with alarm, but after bending over the dying man Mr. Graham reassured her.

"No, no," he said; he is exhausted. We will send for the nurse now."

He rang, and the nurse entered and administered a restorative, but an hour or two passed before Stephen Harwood opened his eyes again.

Then all saw that a change had taken place; a film had gathered over their steely brightness—the shadow cast by the near presence of Death.

"Is—is she here?" he gasped, looking round as if he were blind.

Nance took his hand and laid it against her cheek.

"I am here, father!"

He drew a long and painful breath of relief and satisfaction.

"Remember!" he said, "remember! It is my dying charge, my last—ah, my first—command to you! I am your father—your father, child—and you cannot disobey. The house, the lands, everything are mine. They are yours now. Every stick and stone of which they were possessed; it is all yours! Every acre, every farm. There is nothing left of them. It is justice, justice! Terence Yorke robbed me of that which was more precious to me than house or land. He ruined my life, and turned it to bitterness and gall. But for him I should have been a different man—but for him! But the hour of reckoning is come. I shall not live to see it, but you will take my place. You will exact payment in full for his treachery. I charge you"—he raised himself and stared down at her with eyes that, sightless though they were, seemed to penetrate and search her heart—"I charge you to show no mercy. Justice, no more! He showed none to me when he took Lucy from me. She left me for him, because he was a baronet, and rich. Where are his riches now? Mine, mine! And I give them to you! You, my daughter, are rich, richer than you can understand; while he and his son—the son he taunted me with—are beggars!"

Nance drew back her head, terrified. Mr. Graham laid his hand soothingly on Stephen Harwood's shoulder.

"Harwood, Harwood!" he murmured; but the dying man turned from him with one last fierce effort.

"It shall be as I say!" he gasped. "I have toiled for it, planned for it, and I will not be baulked. If I had lived I would have stood at the open door and watched them go out penniless—penniless! But"—he panted—"Fate has robbed me of that pleasure. But I leave one behind me who shall take my place. See to it that you keep your word, Graham! I charge you with her! All is hers, do you hear? Everything—house, lands——"

His breath failed him, and he sank back panting, his hands clawing the air.

Then suddenly the hands dropped upon Nance's head, and his voice came again, but this time softened with tenderness.

"Lucy!" he murmured, "Lucy, are you there? Lucy! you will not leave me for Terence Yorke! Lucy!"

Nance put her arms round him, and let his head fall on her bosom.

A minute or two afterwards the nurse and Mr. Graham drew her away.

The father she had just found was lost again to her.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A MONTH later Mr. Graham and his sister, Lady Dockitt, were sitting in the drawing-room of the house in Guilford-street. Lady Dockitt was the widow of his late partner, who had been knighted; she was a wealthy woman, kind-hearted, and without children, so that Mr. Graham had had little difficulty in persuading her to come and take charge of his ward, Miss Harwood.

They were talking of Nance.

"Do you think she is well enough to see me?" he said. "Poor girl! She has been very ill, I'm afraid!"

"Yes, very ill," said Lady Dockitt. "At one time I was afraid Stephen Harwood's reparation had come too late, but youth was on her side, and she has pulled through."

"Yes, yes," remarked Mr. Graham. "I've no doubt that the prospect, the brilliant future, before her has helped."

"I am not sure; I can't say," said Lady Dockitt, thoughtfully. "To tell you the truth, I don't quite understand her. Oh, she is a dear girl, quite the dearest and sweetest; but—but, well, there is something about her that puzzles me."

"How do you mean?" he asked

"Well, I can scarcely explain; but it seems to me that she has something on her mind. I don't mean so say that she cries or mopes; I don't think she has shed a tear since the funeral; and she has the sweetest temper; but, well, most of the time, she appears lost in a kind of dream. If I go into the room unawares, I find her sitting with her hands in her lap and her eyes fixed on vacancy, as if she were communing with some secret trouble. She picks up her book directly I come in, and she is always ready to talk or listen to me; but I know, even while she is talking, that her thoughts are wandering.

The old lawyer rubbed his chin.

"She hasn't had the pleasantest life, remember, Edith," he said. "No one can know what she must have suffered; how hard she must have worked with that man she supposed was her father. Then, again, there was the shock of the discovery of her real father, and his death. And this sudden change, too, from poverty to wealth. It is a tremendous change, a great shock, well calculated to upset an older woman than she is, poor child."

"Yes," said Lady Dockitt, looking up from the embroidery which was seldom out of her hands, for she belonged to the old school which believed that Satan finds mischief for even woman's idle hands. "Yes, I know, but all that does not account in my mind for the strangeness of her manner. At her age she is still almost a child—the mind soon rebounds, past troubles are soon forgotten. She cannot be grieving for her father's death, tender-hearted though she is, for she only knew him for a few moments, so to speak, and yet I cannot help thinking that she is grieving for something."

"Perhaps she is dull," suggested Mr. Graham. "Young girls like life—or—change. She has been shut up here for a month."

"I know," assented Lady Dockitt; "but she shows the greatest disinclination to going out. Quite a week ago I suggested that she should go away for a change—that she should go out shopping; but she seemed to shrink, like—like a sensitive plant when it is touched, and said that she was quite well and happy. Happy!" The old lady shook her head and sighed.

"Oh! she will be all right when she is stronger," said Mr. Graham. "Perhaps she will be better for having to talk and think business with me."

"Perhaps!" said Lady Dockitt. "Here she comes."

The door opened, and Nance entered. She looked thin and pale in her black dress, but as lovely—Mr. Graham as he peered at her thought—more lovely than ever; and he stared at her and murmured something, for once inaudible, as he took her hand and bent over it with his old fashioned courtesy.

"And how are you now, my dear?" he asked affectionately.

"I am better—quite well," said Nance.

"Well enough to be bothered by business, eh? Good, very good. Terrible thing business, but—er—well the world can't get on without it, which is fortunate for us lawyers." He coughed and rubbed his glasses before he continued.

"Now, my dear, in this little talk of ours you must please to remember that I was your father's friend as well as his legal adviser, and you must not forget that I am your friend as well as your guardian. I want you to treat me as—er—well like a second father if you can—to tell me all that is in your mind, all that you would like to do and to be done, and—er—in short, to trust me fully."

Nance sat with downcast eyes.

"You are very kind," she said. "I will do whatever you tell me."

Lady Dockitt glanced at her brother as if she were saying, "There! What did I tell you?"

But Mr. Graham was not discouraged.

"That's all right," he said. "Now, my dear, you know that you are a very wealthy young woman; your father told you as much, did he not? But it is left for me to tell you how much, or about how much, you are worth. That is the first thing we will consider."

He took out a roll of papers and untied the red tape and spread them on the table.

"Your father, my friend Stephen Harwood, was a wonderful man, my dear," he said. "Wonderful! I never knew a man with better judgment; a keener, cleverer man of business. Everything he went in for seems to have turned out well. He was a kind of City Midas; everything he touched was transformed to gold. There is a saying that every fool can make money. I don't know whether it is true or false; but I am sure that it takes a wise man to keep the money when he has got it. Your father kept it—rolled it up; yes, rolled it up, like—like a snowball, and it grew bigger from year to year, so that it has become, oh, a very big snowball indeed—immense! I have had no difficulty in making out the list of your properties, because your father was the most careful and precise of men, and all his books and papers are left in the most perfect order. I'll read the list out to you."

And away he read, in the monotonous legal voice, through the long catalogue of house and land properties, the stocks and shares, the mortgages, and the numerous investments in which the large fortune lay.

Nance listened at first intently, trying to understand it all; but long before Mr. Graham had finished her face had resumed the dreamy expression; that far away look had come into the beautiful eyes of which Lady Dockitt had spoken.

As Mr. Graham concluded she awoke, as it were, with a little start, and raised here eyes to his.

"Altogether," he said, as he folded up the papers, "it amounts to, as nearly as I can estimate, half a million of money. Half a million. That is to say, five hundred thousand pounds."

If he expected Nance to fall back in her chair, or utter an exclamation of amazement and delight, he was disappointed.

"It is a very large fortune, is it not?" she said, simply.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Graham. "Takes it as if it were a mere nothing—a miserable hundred thousand farthings! Large! well, I should say it will take a good deal of spending, my dear girl; a very great deal! As nearly as I can calculate, you have an income of over twenty thousand pounds; more, for some of the investments bear a large interest—say thirty thousand."

The words conveyed little meaning to Nance. How should she understand what they meant—she who had worked for a weekly wage of a few shillings?

"There it is," he said, "and now you have got to spend it; and hard work at first—at first—you will find it. Try and realize it, my dear! You can go out of the house and buy anything you may fancy. A carriage, horses, diamonds, gorgeous dresses. Anything, everything! You can become a great lady." He smiled, and rubbed his glasses. "You can marry a peer of the realm and become a baroness or a countess."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CUTE LAWYER.—A gentleman dying, left all his estates to a monastery, on condition that, on the return of his only son, who was then abroad, the worthy fathers should give him whatever "they should choose." When the son came home, he went to the monastery, and received but a small share, the wise monks choosing to keep the greatest part for themselves. The young man consulted his friends, and all agreed that there was no remedy. At last a barrister, to whom he happened to mention the case, advised him to sue the monastery, and promised to gain his case. The gentleman followed this advice, and the suit terminated in his favor through the management of the advocate, who grounded his plea upon this reasoning:—"The testator," said the ingenius barrister, "has left his son that 'share of the estate which the monks should choose'; these are the express words of the will. Now it is plain what part they have chosen, by what they keep for themselves. My client, then, stands upon the words of the will. 'Let me have,' says he, 'the part they have chosen, and I am satisfied.'"

SAIL, LITTLE BOAT.

BY W. L. K.

Sail, little boat—sail out of the bay
To the radiant West;
Swift as a bird, to my Dear Heart say
That Love is best.

Bear him a message, a message sweet
(My heart thy freight!),
And haste where the surge and the shallows meet
At the golden gate.

Speed fast away with enchanted crew
And snow-white wings
For Peace and Joy are aboard of you,
And a soul that sings.

What though the wind and the wave divide,
And the wave is long—
The currents of ocean are deep and wide,
But Love is strong.

A Disgrace to All.

BY L. K. C.

THE good folks, or the gentry, as they styled themselves, of Little Hanston, were exceedingly musical, and the fair sopranos of the Hanston Orpheus Choir were in raptures when they discovered that Mrs. Shenby's cousin and visitor Guy Wynyard, could not only sing, but sing well.

To Guy himself, seeing that he had come to Hanston to rest after passing with eclat a very trying examination, it was rather a bore to be pressed into the service of all these musical fanatics, and Mrs. Shenby did not hesitate to declare that his voice would not be praised so rapturously by all the disengageable young ladies if he were not gifted with a passable face and figure, and just received an excellent appointment.

However, Guy was good natured, and sung as often as he was asked; yes, even when it involved a wearisome amount of practicing, as was always the case when he was entreated to take part in the glees and duets the Misses Brenda and Minna Townsend were fond—too fond, Mrs. Shenby said—of inflicting on their friends.

"I wouldn't care," he confided to his hostess, "if their voices were helpful ones, but no hints of mine will induce them to believe that screeching out the high C till they split one's ears, is not good for either the singer or the hearer. They have arranged to exhibit themselves in a couple of trios at their monthly reunion that no amount of teaching or training would ever enable them to do justice to."

"Then you'll have a regular fiasco," predicted Mrs. Shenby. "Minna, I know her of old, will dwell on her favorite note till it ends in a gasp and the loss of her place, while Brenda will keep straight on regardless of tune or time till she gets to the end of the last bar. If I were you, Guy, I'd plead a sore throat or a headache and slip out of it."

"I could find in my heart to do so," he confessed. "But I hate disappointing any one, and Mrs. Townsend has been most hospitable to me."

"Yes, she has," his cousin assented. "It is a way she has when the object of her hospitality is——"

But here she was playfully checked.

"My good coz, if you were not the most warm hearted creature I know, I should call you slightly censorious. I am not such a great matrimonial catch as you represent me, and with their very large circle of acquaintances, the Townsends must have plenty of opportunities of marrying better men than I am."

"So that neither of them marries you—" Mrs Shenby began.

"There's no danger of that," she was assured. "I could not bring myself to sing a life long duet with either Minna or Brenda, pretty girls though they undoubtedly are."

"I hope you'll continue to think so," was the significant reply, "for you'd repent it."

But Guy only laughed at these warnings and rolling up his music went of an hour before the reunion to make one last attempt to induce the fair Minna to soften her shrill notes, and infuse a little pathos into them.

The drawing room was vacant when he reached Mrs. Townsend's villa, and he waited for some considerable time before its owner appeared. When she did so, she was accompanied by only one of her daughters, Brenda.

Both ladies were flushed, and looked as if they had been undergoing some unpleasant excitement. Brenda's bosom was heaving, and agitation was audible in the fluttered accents of her mother.

"So very unfortunate!" said the elder lady. "My dearest child, my darling Minna, seized with neuralgia, quite impossible for her to leave the house; highly dangerous for her to venture out of her room. A dreadful disappointment for her indeed, for all of us. I was to convey to you her regrets and—a——"

Here the worthy matron sat down and fanned herself, while Brenda stood aloof, testifying no sympathy for her sister's sufferings.

Guy Wynyard politely regretted Miss Minna's sudden indisposition, but could not quite conceal his relief as he remarked that in such a music loving community there would be no difficulty in finding three or four of its members ready and willing to substitute other trios or part songs for those set down in the programme to the Misses Townsend and himself.

"Oh, yes," cried Brenda, speaking for the first time, "I've no doubt those wretched old maids, the Jennetts, would gladly seize the opportunity of squalling their stupid ancient bits from Handel; and Captain James, who thinks his nieces are nightingales, will bring them up, one on each arm, to squawk those disgusting Scotch ballads that we've heard till we are sick of them. They have 'Come Through the Rye' and 'Buckled To,' and 'Where, oh, Where'd,' till one hates the sight of their simpering faces."

"Never mind," cried Guy, consolingly. "They always give us a patient hearing, so we must give them the same."

But Brenda pouted more than before, looking from him to her mother, reproachfully.

"I," she exclaimed, laying a great stress on the pronoun—" I seem to be quite set aside in these arrangements. I am able to sing, if Minna professes to be unequal to it, but I am not studied at all, my wishes are not taken into consideration."

"My dear Miss Brenda, you seem to forget," said Guy, good humoredly, "that we cannot sing a trio with the soprano's part left out."

"But, as I told mamma just now, there is no reason why Mrs. Vere, who happens to be staying with us, should not take Minna's place. If I am willing, no one else need object."

Mrs. Townsend said, "Well my dear," **then paused and fanned herself more** violently than before, murmuring at last, in faint, hesitating accents, "Of course, if you very much wish it; but you know what Minna said when you proposed it, and—and it places me in a very awkward——"

"Of course I wish it," broke in the young lady, sharply, "and so does Mr. Wynyard, I am sure; and you don't intend to behave rudely to him, mamma, do you?"

Guy began to protest, and with truth, that he should not regret an excuse being made for him, but was not allowed to finish.

"You are too self sacrificing," Brenda told him; "but there are our friends to be studied. Why should they be denied the pleasure of listening to you, because Minna is tiresome, and mamma always too ready to give way to her?"

"My dear child," cried her mother, dreading further revelations, "pray, say no more; you are quite right, we must not disappoint our friends. Run away, and beg Mrs. Vere to get ready as quickly as possible, whilst I go to Minna and see if she feels a little easier. I cannot bear to leave her in—a—in pain, poor dear. Mr. Wynyard will excuse us for a few minutes I am sure."

And without waiting for his reply, both mother and daughter hurried from the room.

* * * * * * *

Guy did not admire the turn affairs had taken, and wished in his heart he had been guided by Mrs. Shenby's advice, and made business or indisposition a pretext for staying away from the concert altogether.

Singing with the Misses Townsend was always an ordeal, and this Mrs. Vere might prove herself as great a trial to his ears and his taste as they were. Besides, who could she be?

No honored guest, though Brenda spoke of her as staying in the house, for this was the first time he had heard her name mentioned.

Guy was courteous and obliging always, but he disliked the idea of exhibiting himself on a platform with some over dressed vulgar stranger, whose singing might prove even worse than Brenda Townsend's.

But when Mrs. Vere accompanied that young lady into the room, his doubts and objections vanished.

She had none of the floral beauty of the Misses Townsend; her face was almost too pale for perfect health; but what a sweet, womanly face it was, with those regular features, and those deep, dark eyes! Her gray dress was of the simplest, but the fit was perfect, and its only ornament, a couple of damask roses, sufficed to give it the touch of color it needed.

She spoke, and her voice thrilled her hearer, who was so eager to hear its liquid tones again, that he suggested going through the trio before starting for the hall where the reunion was to be held.

Brenda thought this unnecessary, as she knew her part perfectly; but Mrs. Vere accepted the proposal.

"I am out of practice," she said, with a slight sigh. "It is so long since I have sung at all."

"You will have to play your own accompaniment," Brenda told her almost rudely, but she acquiesced without seeming to notice the brusque manner in which she was addressed, and Guy held his breath in a sort of suppressed rapture, as the sweet notes—at first a little uncertain, but exquisitely sympathetic—gradually strengthened and swelled into such melody as one seldom hears from the throat of an English amateur.

We may, we shall, be encored," he said, when Mrs Vere would have risen from the piano. "Would it not be as well to be prepared? Here are a couple of Mendelsohn's songs, and two or three more from which to select."

"But nothing that really suits my voice," responded Brenda. "Besides, it looks well to decline encores. One should not make oneself too cheap."

Guy longed to meet this objection with a proposal that he and Mrs. Vere should sing a duet; but it would have given of fence, so he was silent.

Mrs. Vere was equally so, not a word being spoken by either till they had been driven to the hall.

Once there, Mrs. Townsend and her daughter were too busy exchanging greetings with their acquaintances to trouble themselves about their female companion, or notice how Guy found her a seat and stayed beside her, making music and musicians the theme of their conversation.

Incidentally he learned that Mrs. Vere was a widow; she spoke of having studied for a year in Germany during her husband's life.

He also found out that this was her first visit to little Hanston since the Townsends had resided there.

She smiled, but shook her head when he remarked:

"Of course, you will attend the dance with which the Orpheus Choir end their season?"

"I think not: it is so long since I have danced."

Guy availed himself of her attention being diverted to study her attractive features more critically.

She talked as if her youth had fleeted away, and yet she could not have passed her twenty fifth year; there was a pathetic droop of her lips, a line across her brows that spoke of many sorrows patiently endured; but these disappeared when Guy made some lively remark, and her laugh was as joyous as a girl's.

Her singing created a sensation, and Brenda, who accepted the enthusiastic encores as intended for herself graciously condescended to repeat one of the trios, and to take part in another, but she frowned her disapproval of Guy's attentions to the young widow, and when he called on the morrow, ostensibly to inquire for Minna, Mrs. Vere was not visible.

However, he had contrived to obtain from her a promise to be present at the ball, and in the meantime he set himself to the pleasant task of learning more about her.

But he gained no information from the Townsends, beyond the fact that Mrs. Vere could scarcely be called a relative, as she had only married a cousin of poor dear papa, and it was for that reason mamma was kind to her.

An attempt to press his inquiries was so palpably ignored that he could not continue them, but said his adieux a little abruptly, and betook himself to Mrs. Shenby.

"A Mrs. Vere, relative by marriage?" mused his cousin. "That must be the pretty creature in delicate health, whom their cook told our Mary they keep out of sight as if ashamed of her. While they go out in that ridiculous second hand carriage of theirs, she has to content herself with long, lonely walks. By the-by, you found our sweet friend, Minna, quite recovered, didn't you? Her attack of neuralgia was due to the dressmaker sending home Brenda's new gown for the concert, and not hers."

Guy took no interest in this revelation, but he availed himself of "our Mary's," and after several disappointments succeeded in discovering which of the shady lanes around Little Hanston Mrs. Vere preferred. Twice he met her—accidentally of course—and strolled beside her for a brief, but delightful, quarter of an hour, each rencontre making him long more ardently for the night when he should be able to clasp that slim waist, look more closely into those sweet eyes, and perhaps induce her to speak of that subject she had hitherto avoided, i. e., herself.

But when that night actually came, and Guy having dutifully found a comfortable seat for his cousin, stationed himself in the entrance hall, to watch for the Townsends, to his bitter mortification Mrs. Vere was not with them.

He drew back out of sight, for he could not have asked the reason without betraying himself.

"They were detestable girls," he declared, as he watched Minna and Brenda shaking out their skirts, tossing their bedecked heads, and snarling at each other in most unsisterly style; "and their weak-willed mother was——"

But recollecting that Mrs. Townsend might be less difficult to cross-examine than her daughters, he emerged from his concealment to offer her his arm to the cushioned seats at the top of the room appropriated to the dowagers.

He waited with as much patience as he could muster till she had finished a gossip with a matronly friend, and was watching for an opening when, glancing towards the door, he saw a figure in black, with silver ornaments, entering the room alone.

Nearly upsetting the youth who was entering his name on Minna's tablets, and stepping on Brenda's train, he hurried to meet her. He had already perceived that the Misses Townsend were monopolizing the bouquet he had sent her, but she was here, she was smiling at him, and he could forgive them.

"Why am I so late?" she echoed. "There was not room in the carriage for me, so I have walked and have but just arrived. No, Mr. Wynyard, I cannot give you so many dances. It is very kind of you to take pity on me, for I do not know anyone here; but you would not wish me to make myself conspicuous."

In this Guy was forced to acquiesce; but he fumed with jealousy every time one of the active stewards brought Mrs. Vere a partner, and he had to relinquish the pleasure of dancing with her, or better still, sitting by her side and talking to her. Though pleased to see that the charms of her grace and refinement were patent to others as well as himself, he grudged every moment that he was deprived of her society.

The Townsends went early, or he thought it early, and they took Mrs. Vere with them. Minna and Brenda had not enjoyed their evening, and resented his desertion. With them and their mother standing by, cold, cross and disdainful, how could he utter the tender adieux to his pretty partner that were trembling on his tongue? How murmur his hope that they should meet again on the morrow?

As the carriage drove off, Mrs. Vere suddenly leaned forward, pressing to her lips the flower she had worn—one of his flowers—and gave him a parting glance; but it was such a sad one that it haunted his dreams.

"Do you know," said Mrs. Shenby, at breakfast, "that you spoiled the evening for the little Townsend, by your flirtation with their relative? They were raving at her in the cloak-room when I went in to find my wrap. I heard Mrs. Townsend tell her she had always been a disgrace to the family. Poor thing, she looked so white, so miserable, that I was sorry for her."

Guy could not rest after hearing this, but hurried off to Mrs. Vere's favorite lane. After lingering there for an hour, and seeing no signs of her coming, he went to the villa and boldly asked for her.

"Oh, sir, she's gone; gone right away!" he was told by the maid who came to the door. "She packed her trunk, and went off by the first train. No, sir, I cannot give you her address, for we've never been allowed to know who she is, nor where she came from."

Guy was chilled, but not positively disheartened.

"I shall soon find her," he asserted. "I have piqued the fair Minna and Brenda by so openly preferring her society, but they cannot refuse to tell me where she is."

So he asked for the young ladies, and was ushered into the room where—not in the most placable of humors—they were making the fatigues of the preceding day an excuse for yawning and lounging, one on the sofa, the other in an easy chair.

Guy made all the polite inquiries expected of him, and mustered a show of interest while they spitefully picked to pieces the dresses and demeanor of half a dozen of their most intimate friends. But as soon as there was a pause he availed himself of it.

"I hear that Mrs. Vere has left you. Rather suddenly, isn't it?"

"Yes, perhaps it is," answered Brenda, her brows darkening; "but mamma thought that as she was beginning to make herself conspicuous, it was time to get rid of her."

"Mrs. Vere was certainly very much admired," said Guy, with difficulty suppressing his rage. "Can that be your meaning, Mrs. Townsend?"

Brenda drew herself up primly.

"Mamma would not like us to discuss Constance Vere with you at all, Mr. Wynyard. We did a very foolish thing in having her here at all; but mamma is so kind, that when she heard Mrs. Vere had been ill she would invite her to come for a change."

"And has regretted it ever since," added Minna, in such spiteful tones, that Guy felt angrier than before.

"For my own part," he said, standing before them erect and fearless, "I can never regret having made the acquaintance of such a charming and ladylike woman as Mrs. Vere. Will you kindly give me her present?"

"Impossible!" cried Brenda, and "Impossible!" echoed her sister. "We neither know nor wish to know where she has gone."

"Then I must ask Mrs. Townsend. Is she too much engaged to see me?"

The sisters looked at each other, and one of them averred that mamma, who had a headache, was lying down, and must not be disturbed. As he could not persist after hearing this, he left the house, repeating his visit in the evening.

But again, and yet again, he was disappointed, "Not at home," or "Engaged" being always the response to his request for an interview.

Then he wrote to Mrs. Townsend, and the answer for which he was kept waiting for a couple of days, was in the handwriting of Minna.

It was as brief as it was unpleasant.

"Mrs. Townsend could not give Mr. Wynyard any information respecting the person to whom, in mistaken kindness, she had given food and shelter for a few weeks. As a mother and a friend, she should advise Mr. Wynyard not to attempt to renew such a dangerous intimacy."

This was insulting both to him and the young widow; and so he told Mrs. Townsend the first time he contrived to meet her on the pier, coming upon her so suddenly that she could not slip away with a frigid bow, as she had done on a previous occasion.

"Yes," he said, in answer to a taunt levelled at him by Minna, over her mother's shoulder, "I do constitute myself Mrs. Vere's champion, because she seems to be alone in the world; even her relatives deserting and traducing her."

"She is a disgrace to us," stammered Mrs. Townsend, purple with rage. "And a relative she is not, except by marriage. We are of good descent; her father was a poor music-master in a cathedral town, and my cousin was mad when he married her. I will have nothing to do with Constance Vere."

"At least tell me where she is to be found?" Guy entreated. But the answer, extorted with difficulty, was the same as before. Mrs. Townsend neither knew nor cared to know, what had become of her.

Mrs. Shenby grew quite unhappy about her cousin. His visit had reached its limit, and he was going back to town to take up his appointment, looking quite as gaunt and hollow-eyed as when he came to Little Hanston.

She did her best to console him with promises to endeavor to discover whither Mrs. Vere had gone, and actually gave a couple of soirees, to which Minna and Brenda were invited, for the purpose of extracting the desired information from them.

But they were too cunning not to discern her intention, and her civilities were in vain. They either could not or would not, satisfy her.

Guy Wynyard carried a heavy heart about with him for many months. He inserted advertisements addressed to "C. V." in several of the daily papers, but they remained unanswered. He visited every place of entertainment in London, thinking it possible that Constance Vere used her lovely voice as a means of support; but neither as actress nor vocalist did he find her.

Sometmes he grew weary of his quest—it seemed so hopeless—and would determine to relinquish it; but as surely as he did this, her image would appear before him in his dreams, or he would hear some one speak in pathetic tones that reminded him of hers.

Then he would start up to pace the streets for hours, thinking it possible that at some happy moment they might meet face to face.

He had a few stirring adventures during these rambles. He saved a wretched starving man from a watery grave, and was able to reconcile him to live once more; he found a lost child, and carried it to its despairing mother; and one evening, when he was seriously considering whether he would not give up his appointment and go abroad, he witnessed a street accident, and assisted a young fellow from under the wheels of a cab, overturned by a restive horse.

Guy recognized the features of the insensible sufferer, and said so.

"I know him. His name is Grayson, and he is a clerk in the —— office, but I cannot tell you where he lives."

"P'raps you'll go with him to the hospital, sir?" suggested a policeman. "If he should come to hisself he might be glad for you to break the news to his friend."

So Guy followed the litter to St. Bernard's, and waited till the nurses had put their patient to bed, and the house-surgeon was able to report on the extent of his injuries.

During this examination the young man regained consciousness, and a nurse was sent downstairs to apprise Guy of this, and lead him to the ward.

As her light footsteps drew near he started up and went towards her. A faint cry broke from her lips, echoed by a joyful one from his, and Constance Vere was in her lover's arms.

"I never thought to see you again," sobbed Mrs. Vere. "They said, amongst other dreadful things, that you were on the point of proposing to Minna when I came betwixt you, and would return to your allegiance as soon as I was gone."

"It was a falsehood!" exclaimed Guy, hotly. "Could you really think me so unstable, so false to you?"

"They said I had disgraced them by donning this dress"—pointing to her uniform—"and taking up, what they styled, a degrading occupation; and I feared that you, with your fastidious notions of woman's sphere, might think so too."

"And is this the only charge they can bring against my darling, whom I have sought so long and so fruitlessly?"

"The only one," she answered, in the frank, steady accents of truth; "except that I was poor when their relative, John Vere, made me his wife.

"It was not a happy marriage," she added. "My father, then dying from an incurable disease, urged it, and died happy in the thought that I was provided for, but Mr. Vere, though rich, was extravagant. His passion for me soon passed away, and at his decease, three years after our union, there was barely enough to satisfy his creditors. I would not live on the charity of his relations, so came here. Do you blame me for it, or despise me for devoting myself to the service of my suffering fellow creatures?"

We need not repeat the answer of the happy Guy Wynyard. Already he has robbed St. Bernard's of one of its most efficient nurses, Sister Constance. Now that she is his honored wife, Mrs. Townsend and her daughters are beginning to take quite a friendly interest in her, and she is no longer spoken of in acrimonious terms as a disgrace to her family.

AUTOMATIC SPRINKLERS.

THE disastrous ravages of fire are too well known to need comment at our hands. Scarcely a day passes without some account in the daily press of the destruction to life and property wrought by this devouring element; and so accustomed has the public become to such casualities that it is only when some disaster of appalling magnitude fails to be chronicled that general attention is directed to the subject. Into the excellent arrangements now existing throughout this country for the extinction of fire, it is foreign to our present purpose to enter; the perfection to which the fire engine has been brought is only equalled by the physique and organization of our fire-brigademen themselves. Our present notice deals rather with a comparatively modern means of fire-extinction, which is all the more effective because automatic in action.

The Sensitive Automatic Sprinkler is fitted to the ceilings of warehouses, stores, etc.; and should a fire start at any point, the heat rising at once to the ceiling, melts the fusible solder in the sprinkler—which is done at a temperature of about one hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit—and releasing the elastic valve, at once discharges a copious flood of water over the conflagration. The lines of piping with water under constant pressure are carried through the buildings to be protected near the ceilings, and from eight to ten feet apart, the sprinklers being placed a similar distance from each other. The sprinklers are thus some ten feet apart in every direction—namely, one sprinkler is provided for every hundred superficial feet of floor area.

Turning now to some little consideration of the sprinkler itself, ere dealing more generally with the leading points of the principle involved, a distinctive feature is the employment of a glass valve, is non corrodible, non-adhesive, and impenetrable; whilst the inlet is placed in the middle of a flexible diaphragm of German silver. The elastic diaphragm is forced upon the glass valve by the water pressure, and the area of the former being the larger, the pressure from above tends to keep the valve tight so long as the resistance of the solder holds the glass in place. The melting of the solder removes this resistance, and then the water-pressure opens the valve.

For cotton mills the sprinkler is invaluable; and the well-known Grinnell type is protecting at this moment no fewer than fifteen million spindles in non-fireproof mills.

Over two thousand fires have been promptly extinguished in all parts of the world at an average loss of only some 250 dollars; and it is calculated that from fifteen to sixteen thousand buildings, comprising cotton mills, woollen mills, flour mills, warehouses, stores, theatres, etc., have safeguarded themselves in this manner. No better proof of value of the sprinkler can be adduced than the fact of its recognition by leading fire insurance companies, who grant a substantial reduction in fire premiums to those clients who thus protect themselves.

In this connection, it is of interest to note that insurance companies have adopted a code of rules in the matter of automatic sprinkler installations, and provide, amongst other requirements, for adequate water supply and provision against frost. An automatic alarm signal is similarly stipulated for, which shall give notice as soon as any sprinkler is opened.

A bare enumeration of the many trades and industries which have availed themselves to date of the protection offered by the new means of fire-extinction, would form a formidable list; but amongst others may be mentioned biscuit factories; calico printers, dyers and bleachers; chocolate works; corn mills; engineering works; felt works; flax and jute mills; floorcloth and linoleum works; india rubber works; oil, candle and paint works; paper mills; printers and publishers; rope and twine works; soap, sugar and saccharine works; breweries, etc; and a host of other similar undertakings too numerous to detail.

Enough has been said to show that the sensible automatic sprinkler is coming very largely into vogue, and is justly regarded as a most valuable ally in combating the insidious attacks of fire. How fearful these ravages are, may be judged from a recent publication of Mr. Edward Atkinson, the well-known economist, who values last year's "cash heap" in the United States alone at no less than 150 million dollars; whilst for the current year the appalling fires in Minnesota and Wisconsin must materially swell the ill-starred list.

A TOUCHING STORY.—Miss Ume Tsuda, head of the English department in the Peeresses' School, Tokio, Japan, tells a touching story of the aged mother of Sakamoto, commander of the warship Akagi, who was killed in the thickest of the fight during the great naval victory of the Yellow Sea. Commander Sakamoto left an aged mother, a wife and three young children. As soon as his death was officially ascertained, a messenger was despatched from the Naval Department to convey the sad tidings to his family. The communication was made duly to his wife, and before the messenger had left the house it had reached the ears of the old mother, who, tottering into the room where the officer was awaiting, saluted and greeted him duly, and then, with dry eyes and clear voice, said: "So it seems by your tidings that my son has been of some service this time."

Farm and Garden.

NEW CHAIN.—Among recent patents is one for a novel chain gear in which each link is made of a separate piece of metal and complete in itself. The links are readily connected or detached, so that a chain of any length can be put together in a very short time, or shortened to any requisite extent quite as easily.

VEGETABLES AND FRUIT.—Vegetables and fruit should always be included in children's dietary, as they are most essential to the growing child. It is not generally a recognized fact that children have an extraordinary power during early years of digesting and assimilating vegetable substances, which power becomes weakened as years roll by.

GROWS RAPIDLY.—Within the last two or three years French engineers have undertaken the sowing of railroad embankments with poppy seeds, as, when once established, that prolific plant covers the soil with a net-work of roots that prevent it from washing away during heavy rains, or from upheaval when frost is coming out of the ground in the spring.

HAY TABLETS.—Hay tablets, prepared in the following manner, have been employed in France for some time, as a convenient and portable food for horses. Hay and straw, very finely cut, are well mixed with crushed oats or rye, moistened with a solution of rapeseed or linseed oil-cake, the mass well worked, and then formed into tablets under pressure.

FURNITURE.—The highly polished black furniture so much in request for drawing-room suites is prepared as follows. Smooth wood worked into the necessary form is painted over with camphor water, and then with a solution of sulphate of iron and nutgall; these penetrate and give a black stain. The polisher then takes a piece of smooth, fine-grained charcoal free from grit, and rubs it into the furniture, following his work with a flannel soaked in linseed oil and turpentine, the result of which is a beautiful polish, and wood resembling ebon.

Scientific and Useful.

WALNUT TREES.—Each black walnut tree planted upon rough, untillable ground will soon be worth more than the whole acre upon which it is planted. A small area of trees will begin to add at once to the value of the farm, and the value will increase with each year's growth.

STRAW.—Intelligent farmers no longer discuss the question whether it is better to burn or to bury their straw, cane stalks or corn stalks. Put under the ground every atom of vegetable matter that you can; any other course, no matter how good your land is may be now, is wastaful and excessively ridiculous.

LIME.—Lime is important among the mineral manures, and almost indispensable. The best form in which to apply it is in slacked lime. More is needed on heavy clay lands, especially if undrained. It is chiefly mechanical in its action, and also acts chemically upon the constitutents of the soil. It sets free food which would otherwise remain locked up.

POTATOES.—When burying potatoes do not smother them in a pile, but dig a pit in dry, well drained soil, say four feet deep; fill not quite full of the tubers, and put a roof over them upon supports, which should be covered with straw and soil, with chimneys inserted for ventilation. Remember they can be bruised in handling as well as other fruit.

FERTILIZERS.—Barnyard manure is not a complete fertilizer, especially when not saved and handled under the best possible conditions. It should be kept under cover and turned now and then, or, if not prepared for this, should be scattered over the fields as soon as made. The stirring up will be done pretty thoroughly by the hogs if a little corn is hid in it.

VEGETATION.—A very remarkable illustration of the benign and wholesome influence of vegetation on climates has recently been supplied by the French in Algeria. They had planted some millions of eucalyptus trees in that colony, with the result that these have absorbed all the stagnant humidities hitherto prevailing, and had tended to purify both the earth and the air.

YOUR CHEAPEST REMEDY for weakness, want of appetite and low spirits, is JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, taken perseveringly after each meal. Small size and double size 50 cents.

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Spirit of the Age.

Is there any such thing as the end-of-the-century sentiment or influence that is talked of in circles where a little French is spoken? And, if there is such a thing, how does it show itself? The flattering belief that there is in our midst a special feeling of the period, an up-to-date sentiment, must be pretty widely entertained by certain classes of people, or we should hardly find the wary man of business confidently introducing the term "Fin de siecle" into the advertisement sheets of our periodicals.

We take the rudest and most convincing example of popularity first. The presumption that there is an end-of-the-century feeling—go ahead, yet nervous, doubting, and sad—seems to have been first mooted by the morbid minor poets of the period, or to have arisen from a study of their works; and people whose nerves are a-twitter and who lack the ballast of common sense were glad to seize a vague term that suited their condition and enabled them to admire rather than despise themselves. And so we have a so-called end-of-the-century energy and moodiness and cynicism and restlessness. How far are these and other fin-de-siecle signs real, and how far are they imaginary?

Has the approach of the end of the century power to infect the imagination of the highly-strung section of society? Can a fanciful crisis so wholly impersonal as the change from century to century, according to our method of counting time, have a perturbing influence? We have all felt that mental impressions are amazingly subtle; and so rarefied are the stimuli which give us a change of feeling that we cannot study them with certainty. You have a task in hand that wearies you greatly, bringing mental and physical depression until you are on the brink of exhaustion, and then you finish the task.

Or, to take another example, you are overshadowed by a fear of something happening that is distressful, and suddenly the news arrives that there is no cause for anxiety. What is the effect in each of these cases? The load is immediately lightened, the mental and physical depression disappears when the work is done or the fear removed, and you can scarcely believe that half an hour ago you were weary to exhaustion. The anxiety gone, the world changes into a delightfully habitable place; and it all happens in accordance with laws the operations of which you cannot trace.

Sometimes real sorrows have no more marked effect on us than quite impalpable and fanciful influences have had. Sentiment lives in these vague feelings that defy analysis, as in the "song at twilight, when the lights are low." It would not be in the least foolish to suppose that the approach to the year 1900 would powerfully affect the imagination of tens of thousands in ways that cannot be gue-sed at, provided we could think that anybody except perhaps a few half-crazed theological jugglers with prophecy and figures, believes that the year 1900 will per se be in any respect different from the year 1899, say, or the year 1896. Very little things stimulate the imagination of people whose brain-machinery is all lightly hung; but in the approach to the end of a century we do not see that there can be even the minutely little thing required to influence the most fanciful of sane people.

We take it that the end-of-the-century label is only a self-flattering invention by idle people to make fickleness, want of purpose, fidgetiness, moodiness, their exultation in change for the sake of change, their play with what their parents were afraid of, seem rather fine and romantic. All the end-of-the-century talk, the up-to-date daring, unrest and sadness are almost entirely confined to the classes that have very little to do. Give men and women plenty of work among their fellows, let them earn their living, and take the exercise of free thought and fancy as a relaxation after daily toil, and they will not be inclined to moon drearily about decadence and the winding up of human affairs. They will not care to sniff round the charnel-house and toy with suicide. Nine-tenths of the cynicism and hopelessness of the period comes from people of a class who have free course in print and suffer from "nerves" because they have too little to do.

From the confused sound of voices crying, "Lo here, and lo there!" and attempting to distinguish end-of-the-century characteristics, in spite of crude suspicion and idiot anarchism, there is surely a movement towards helpfulness in common such as has never been seen before! Men think of each other more kindly, in the mass and individually. There is greater moral sensitiveness. The scorn of differences—the favored and polished for the burdened and gnarled, and the rough and blunt for the fine and silky—is growing less and less. The feeling of community of interests and in favor of unison in effort becomes constantly confirmed and strengthened. The worship of individual strength used for its own ends is failing.

We no longer feel it possible to leave the weak fallen by the way. The idea of the social organism as a whole has been grasped, and all these thoughts are being applied in a very practical way. Fewer people hungry and cold and demoralized by want of work—that is an object quite as well worth striving for as any of a speculative character, no matter how intellectual or moral it may be.

The chief end-of-the-century movement is a movement of the multitude. It has not yet produced its great leader; but what could be expected? The men whose life's training has been in the direction of high thought and leadership are, for the most part, in doubt about the signs of the times, or do not understand the social movement, or think it is strong enough to take care of itself, and so it evolves its leaders as best it may, and waits for its poet. While society is analyzing its own nervous twitterings with an interesting dolefulness and determines that the world is played out, the great movement of the times, a peaceful resolution, quiet and good-tempered in reality, with a little rowdyism and rascality on the fringe of it, is proceeding almost unnoticed. The twentieth century promises to bring the world's great experiment in the possibility of all bearing rule.

THERE is no better way for a man to add to the world's value than by making the most and the best of himself. A capable, industrious and faithful worker in any honorable employment always makes the world richer for his presence. He produces more than he consumes. In proportion to his health, skill and ability, his perseverance and energy, this preponderence increases. Everything therefore which he can do to improve his powers improves his work, and thus benefits the world. Beyond his mere labor however he performs a true service to humanity by cultivating his own mental and moral powers.

ALTHOUGH there are some who may be supposed, through incapacity or illness, or a life of vice or crime, to contribute nothing to the advancement of the world's best interests, and others whose offering is too small to be appreciable, yet the steady progress of the world testifies that these deficiencies are more than made up by the far larger number who give much more than they take.

WE have our work to finish and must hasten on. What that work may be, what this world's share is in the great Design, we know not, though our unconscious hands are helping to accomplish it. Like the tiny coral insect, working deep under the water, we strive and struggle, nor dream of the vast fabric we may be building up for God.

IT is good for every man and woman to have an ideal life, even if it is never realized. Whatever it is, it affects character and determines destiny. The artist may fail to paint as he would, the poet's touch may miss the magic string, but ideal beauty, truth and goodness, are stars that shine forever above the storms and wrecks of time.

THE middle ranks have their native freedom to preserve; their birthright to protect from the dangerous attacks of enormous and overbearing affluence. Inasmuch as liberty and security are more conducive to happiness than excessive riches, it must be allowed that the poar man's stake in this country is as great as the rich man's.

REAL friendship should not be glass threads or frostwork, but the most solid thing we know. The friend the heart longs for is an honest, loyal, helpful soul that lives and feels and suffers; dares, yet does not change; steadfast amid good report and evil report; true in word, in deed; tender in weakness, generous in pain.

WHENEVER we cease to hate, to despise and to persecute those who think different from ourselves; whenever we look on calmly, we find among them men of pure hearts and unbiased judgment, who, reasoning on the same data as ourselves, have arrived at different conclusions on the subject of the spiritual world.

INSTEAD of shunning difficulty, we should court it; instead of rejoicing in an easy life, we should be afraid of it. We must continually seek for new and harder achievements if we would make the most of ourselves and become stronger and nobler men and women.

A MAN is not to be relieved as your horse or your dog may be; it must be done with a sentiment of respect. I would that a new mode of giving were introduced more accordant with the humanity and gentleness of the Gospel.

AND is it not by love we expect to be saved? Love, which is the high priest of the world, the revealer of Immortality, the fire of the altar, and without whose ray we could not even dimly comprehend Eternity.

ANYTHING that adds to the neatness and beauty of the home and its belongings not only increases the owner's pleasure, but fosters refinement and real betterment of the household.

No good man can ever be happy when he is unfit for the career of simple and commonplace duty.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

E. K. L.—**Five feet would decidedly be** tall for a girl of fourteen.

P. V. W.—**The author of the quotation** "The rift within the lute," **is** Alfred Tennyson.

D. H. L.—**A man can be punished severely** for acting as a doctor **without being properly qualified.**

HATTIE.—**Plaster of Paris mixed with** water till of the consistency of paste will fix the metal top of your mustard-pot on to the glass.

ANNIE.—**Refer him to your mother, and,** above all, do not entangle yourself by entering into a clandestine correspondence under any circumstances,

PERCY F.—**Glycerine was discovered by** the famous chemist, Scheele, and by him named the "sweet principle of fats," being extracted by him from fatty substances.

F. J.—**The expression "Noblesse oblige"** is an old French proverb. It means, literally, "Nobility compels," that is, what is called noble birth binds a man to act according to certain standards.

S. M.—**Paregoric consists of an alcoholic** solution of opium, benzoic acid, camphor, and oil of anise, every fluid ounce containing two grains each of opium and benzoic acid, and a grain and a half of camphor.

ELTON.—**Water has been proved to be** composed chemically of the two gases, oxygen and hydrogen, but as found in nature it contains also several salts in solution, the chief of which is sulphate of lime.

FRED.—**Your duty is simply to mind** your own business and not meddle with other people's affairs. If you should interfere in the matter, it is not likely that either of the parties interested would ever forgive you.

ALMA.—**There is no actually prescribed** costume for a bridegroom; but the happy man usually wears a morning frock coat, white waistcoat, light tie, light trousers, and lavender kid gloves, and also indulges in the luxury of a new hat.

INFORMATION.—**Sulphur being a purifier** brewers often employ a solution of sulphurous acid to wash out their beer barrels. Sulphur is also burned in old cider barrels to purify them. We know of no other use to which brewers put it.

W. J. R.—**It would be an impossibility** for us to give you instructions in oil painting in this limited space. It is an art that can be acquired only under proper tuition, and the lessons will cost you both money and time before a proper amount of proficiency is gained.

DENNIS F.—**Telegraphic communication** was first established between England and America on the 5th of August, 1858, when messages were interchanged between the Queen and the President of the United States; but it was not until 1866 that perfect success was obtained.

ESTHER W.—**The lines occur in Sir Walter** Scott's "Lord of the Isles"—

"There's many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant,
And many a word at random spoken,
Can soothe or wound the heart that's broken."

LILA.—**For yachting parties, young** ladies wear either flannel suits of navy blue or white, plainly but prettily trimmed with woollen braid, jaunty sailor hats, undressed kid gloves, and thick boots. A large parasol is necessary for comfort. Warm shawls should be provided, no matter how oppressive the day. A yacht may be put out to sea in a calm to return in a gale.

W. R. S.—**Nobody can teach you** to be an actor. You can be taught elocution, but the art of acting you will have to learn by a long and laborious apprenticeship. You will at first have to take subordinate parts, work hard on small pay, and be snubbed in a ruthless manner. After years of such drudgery you may be advanced to something better, if you possess genuine talent, or you may be told that you had better give up the idea of being an actor altogether, as you have no gifts in that direction.

C. L.—**The Isthmus of Panama,** called formerly the Isthmus of Darien, **was** at one time divided into the provinces of Azuero, Chiquiri, Panama and Veragua, **but** in 1855 the several provinces were **formed into** the State of Panama, of which **each now constitutes** a department. Hence the change of name. The colony of Darien was founded on the Isthmus, near the close of the seventeenth century, by William Paterson, a Scotchman, and the founder of the Bank of England. The place selected was Acta, now Port Escoces, about thirty miles north-west of the gulf of Darien. The settlement was subsequently abandoned.

PUZZLED DICK.—**The reason for the** saltness of the ocean is that salt is a mineral which prevails largely in the earth, and which being very soluble in water, is taken up by the ocean. Lakes and rivers also, even those that are considered fresh, hold in solution some degree of saline matters, which they contribute to the ocean. As in evaporations from the sea, the salt remains in it, while the vapors fall as rain, and again wash the earth and carry some of its mineral properties to the ocean, the greater saltness of the sea, as compared with rivers, is accounted for. It is contended, and with reason, that the sea has been continually growing salter, from the evaporation of the water free from salt, and the return of the water to the sea, taking with it salt from the land.

MY ROSE.

BY W. W. L.

She stands at her chamber window,
And fondles soft my rose;
Fondles each delicate leaflet,
In the quiet of love's repose.

Hid here in the silent shadows,
Unseen I watch her face,
And note the throb of her bosom,
By the rise and fall of the lace.

She loves me—loves me—love me!
Her tender eyes disclosed
The holy of holiest secrets,
As softly she kisses my rose.

Sweet Nancy.

BY T. G. B.

SHENTON was a dull and sleepy village at the best of times; but then it was situated so far from any town. Exboro' was the nearest, and that was ten miles away. To reach it you must traverse a range of pine clad hills, descending now and again into cool valleys, full of sweet scents and sounds in summer, but dreary enough in winter, when the snow lay thick and the wind whistled through the leafless branches.

Shenton consisted of one long street, terminating in a green on which the church and school-house stood. After that there were no more houses till you reached Exboro', excepting a few scattered farms a mile or two away at Braley brook. There was also a large farm, known as the Manor, half-a-mile in the opposite direction, occupied by one Jacob Hurst, who was the owner of the farms at Braley Brook.

The last house in the long street, at the Green end of it, was occupied by Miss Michin, a milliner and dressmaker, as a card in the window informed the passer-by. Not that the card was necessary, as of course in so small a place everybody knew everybody else; but it was a sort of sign of office, and was always most carefully replaced when Sarah Ann, Miss Michin's Lilliputian maid, cleaned the window, which she did much oftener than was necessary—at least, Mrs. Dodd, the post-mistress, who lived opposite, said so, but then Mrs. Dodd had the shop and a young family to attend to, and did not find it possible to keep her own windows equally bright; so it was perhaps natural that she should find a comfort in remarking on her opposite neighbor in the manner we have described.

Miss Michin's front parlor window was draped with white muslin curtains, which covered it entirely, preventing the eyes of the curious from taking surreptitious glances at the finery therein displayed, and destined to be seen for the first time at church on the persons of the fortunate owners.

Just now, a fortnight before Christmas, the array of gay dress material which lay about on tables and chairs was more than usual; and Miss Michin and Nancy Forest—her decidedly pretty apprentice—were working as if their lives depended upon it. Nancy was the only apprentice Miss Michin had, and she had taken her when she was fourteen without a premium, on condition that when she should be "out of her time" (that would be in three years) she should give six months' work in payment for the instruction she had received.

Nancy was now working out the six months, which fact shows her age to be between seventeen and eighteen. At that age a girl—above all, a pretty girl—likes to wear pretty things; and Nancy had many little refined tastes which other girls in her class of life have not—due, perhaps, to the fact that while a child she had been a sort of protegee of Miss Sabina Hurst's up at the Manor Farm. Miss Sabina, who was herself not quite a lady, was nevertheless far above the Forests, who were in their employ, and had charge of an old farmhouse at Braley Brook. She was Mr. Hurst's sister, and had been mistress at the Manor since Mrs. Hurst had died in giving birth to her little son Fred.

Mr. Hurst—a hard and relentless man in most things—was almost weak in his indulgence of his son. All his fancies must be gratified, and in this Miss Sabina concurred. One of Fred's fancies had been to make a playmate of little Nancy Forest. It followed, then, that she had been a great deal at the Manor; but when the children grew older, and Fred took what his aunt and father termed "an absurd fancy" to be a musician, as his mother had been, it occurred to them that possibly later on he might take a yet more absurd idea, and want to marry his old playmate. Nancy was therefore banished from the Manor Farm.

But Fred, who was not accustomed to be crossed, often met his old friend on the hills and in the valleys; and after she had become apprenticed, he would often walk home with her part way—not as a lover, however. For the last two months he had broken this habit, and Nancy had not seen him.

But we were saying that girls of Nancy's age liked pretty things to wear. Nancy was no exception, but she had no pretty things; her clothes had, in fact, become deplorably shabby, though by dexterous "undoing" and "doing up" she did manage to make the very most of her dark blue serge costume.

The dress and rather coquettish little jacket were of the same material; and she had a felt hat of the same color, which in some mysterious way altered its shape to suit the varying fashions. Last winter the wide brim was bright; this winter it was turned up at the back, with a bunch of dark blue ribbons on the crown. Altogether her appearance was picturesque, though the odd mingling of the rustic with the latest Paris fashion-plate might call up a smile to your lips. The smile which the costume provoked was sure to die, however, when you looked at the girl's face.

You wondered at once why the lovely brown eyes looked so sad and appealing, and why the little mouth was so tremulous, and why the color came and went so frequently on the finely-moulded cheeks, which were just a little thin for perfect beauty. And if you happened to be a student of human nature, you would read in one of Nancy's glances a story of conflicting emotions—disappointment, timid expectancy, hope, and a dawning despair; at least, this is what I read there when I looked at Nancy from the Vicar's pew one Sunday morning at Shenton church. I was on a visit at the Vicarage then.

Of course, it must not be supposed that Miss Michin read Nancy Forest's face in this way; but the little dressmaker had a warm heart, though worried by the making of garments, and more by making two ends meet which nature had apparently not intended for such close proximity; but she had certainly noticed that for the last few weeks Nancy had not looked well.

It was growing dark one Thursday evening, and Sarah Ann had just brought the lamp into her mistress' parlor. Miss Michin turned up the light slowly, remarking, as she did so, "I don't want this glass to crack. I might do nothing else but buy lamp glasses if I left the turning up of them to Sarah Ann. This one has been boiled, which, Mrs. Dodd says, is a good thing to make them stand heat." Then she broke off suddenly, and stared at her apprentice, exclaiming, "Nancy, child, how pale you look! You must leave off and go home. You shall have a nice cup of tea first. Where do you feel bad?"

The sympathetic tone brought the tears to Nancy's eyes, perhaps more than the words, but she answered hastily: "Oh, indeed, dear Miss Michin, I need not go home. I have a headache, that is all, and I must not leave off before my time. I ought to stop later, and you so busy."

"That frock of Emma Dodd's is just finished, isn't it?" said Miss Michin, in answer.

"All but the hooks," replied Nancy.

"Then sew them on while I make some tea, and you can leave it at the post-office as you go."

Nancy protested, but Miss Michin insisted, and in a short time the dress was pinned up in a dark cloth, and Nancy having drunk the tea, more to please her kind friend than because she thought it would cure her headache, donned the little jacket and fantastic hat, and went across to the post-office, which was also a shop of a general description.

Mrs. Dodd was engaged in lighting her shop window when Nancy entered.

"I have brought Emma's dress, Mrs. Dodd," she began, when that lady had descended from the high stool on which she had mounted to place the lamps in the window. "Miss Michin told me to tell you there wasn't enough of the plush to finish off the lappets to match the collar and cuffs, but she thinks you'll like it just as well as it is."

Mrs. Dodd examined the little dress, and, having approved of it, asked in a friendly way what Nancy herself was going to have new this Christmas.

"Oh, I don't know yet," answered Nancy, coloring deeply. "You see, I'm not earning yet, and father's wages are small, you know."

"Mr. Hurst is real mean, I know that," exclaimed the post-mistress, decidedly. "None but a very mean man would have cut your poor father's wages down after he was laid up with a bad leg so long."

"But father says himself that he can't do as much since his accident, and he doesn't want to be paid beyond what he earns," Nancy explained, hastily.

Mrs. Dodd began to fold up Emma's dress, remarking, as she did so, "It's a queer go as Mr. Hurst should have let young Mr. Fred do nothink but play music; but, to be sure, he do play beautiful. My Benny, as blows the organ for him, says it's 'eavenly what he makes up himself. He's uncommon handsome, too; much like his mother, who was, poor young lady, a heap too good for the likes of Jacob Hurst. She used to play the church organ like the angel Gabriel."

Mrs. Dodd glanced at Nancy to see the effect of this simile, which was quite an inspiration, but the girl was intent on smoothing the creases out of her very old and much-mended kid gloves.

"Folks do say, Miss Nancy," went on Mrs. Dodd, "as young Mr. Fred had a fancy for you at one time, and as you sent him to the rightabouts. Now, I say as—"

"Oh, please don't say anything about it, Mrs. Dodd," broke out Nancy, excitedly. "It's all a mistake—I am not his equal in any way—he never thought of anything like that." She would have added, "Nor I;" but she was too truthful. An overwhelming sense of shame came over her. How could she have given her heart away unsought!

With a hasty good-night she left the shop, closing the door so sharply in her self-condemnation as to set the little bell upon it ringing as if it had gone mad. She could hear its metallic tinkle till she was close upon the church. Here other sounds filled her ears. There was a light in the church, and Fred Hurst was there playing one of Bach's Fugues.

Nancy's heart fluttered like a captive bird. For a brief space she leaned against the cold railings, looking intently at a branch of ivy which the north wind was tossing against the diamond-shaped panes of the window—then she drew herself up hastily and proudly, and walked on rapidly towards the bleak hills which she must cross to reach her father's farm at Braley Brook.

"How I wish I was out of my time," she said to herself, as the crisp snow crackled beneat her small feet. "I could go away then and earn my living, where I could never see him—or hear him—. Oh, Fred!" she broke out in what was almost a cry, "why have you met me and walked with me so often, if you meant to leave off and say no more? It must be because my dress has grown so shabby—I don't look so—so nice as I did—yet if his father were not hard I might have more." And poor Nancy being now far from any habitation gave herself the relief of a good cry, knowing she could not be observed.

In the meanwhile the organ at the church had ceased playing, and the young man who was seated at it began turning over a pile of music which lay beside him. But this he did mechanically—he was not going to play again that evening, he did it as an accompaniment to perplexed thought. He remained so long silent that Benny Dodd, who had been "blowing" for him, ventured out from among the shadows cast by the organ pipes and asked, "Please, Mr. Fred, are you going to play any more?"

Fred Hurst looked up smiling, and feeling in his waistcoat pocket for the customary coin, said cheerfully, "I had quite forgotten you, Benny! No, I shall not play any more to-night."

The small boy clattered down the stone aisle noisily, and Fred Hurst began to push in the stops preparatory to closing the organ. In doing so he caught a glimpse of his face in a small mirror which hung at one side, and he burst out laughing.

"What a tragic look I have managed to put on," he thought. Then he locked the organ, and was about to blow out the candles, when he changed his mind and took out a scrap of printed paper from his pocket and read it by their light. It was a favorable review of a song he had composed, and which had just been published. "Though there is no genius displayed in this composition, it is extremely pleasing; the air is catching, and the accompaniment is tuneful without ostentation. 'Winged Love' should become a popular favorite." This is what he read; and having read it (of course not for the first time), he seemed to form a sudden resolution on the strength of it. He looked at his watch; it marked a few minutes past six; he blew out the lights and left the church, hesitating a moment by the railings on which Nancy had leaned an hour before. "I think this justifies me," he meditated. "If 'Winged Love' is so well spoken of I am sure to get on, and in time make an income sufficient for us two; poor child, she hasn't been used to luxuries, and a simple home would content her. She must be part way home by now. Yes, I will follow Nancy, and explain why I have not met her for so long, and ask her to love me and wait till I can ask her to be my wife."

But Nancy Forest had left Shenton early, as we have seen, so Fred Hurst did not overtake her. He went all the way to Braley Brook, however, and right up to the ruinous old farmhouse where the Forests lived, and waited in the orchard some time, hoping that Nancy would come out to bring in some linen which hung to bleach among the bare apple trees. He knew that Nancy always helped her mother in the evenings. But on this evening no errand seemed to bring her out of doors, and Fred Hurst went away without seeing her, meaning to meet her next day.

I would have been wiser if Fred had gone boldly to the farmhouse and asked to Nancy; but we are none of us wise at all times, and we have generally to pay in pain for our lack of wisdom as well as for our actual faults, though perhaps not in the same degree.

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Fred Hurst's father was Nancy's father's master, as we have seen; and a hard enough master, as Mrs. Dodd had said. John Forest and his family—that is, his wife and Nancy—lived in the only habitable part of what had once been a considerable farmhouse. John worked on the "land," took care of the horses and other live stock—there were not many—and his wife attended to the poultry, which were numerous enough. She also earned a little by mending the holes which the rats bit in the corn-sacks. In harvest-time she made gentian beer for the men, and a kind of harvest cake, originally made for a four o'clock meal, which explains the word known as "fourses." But with all these little extras the Forests found it sufficiently hard to live, and of course Nancy was not yet earning.

"You ought to have sent that girl of yours to service," Mr. Hurst would not infrequently say to Nancy's mother. He, moreover, said the same thing to his maiden sister Sabina, when Fred was present.

It was then that Fred's eyes opened to the fact that Nancy Forest was more to him than anything else in the world—far, far more than the old playmate he had thought her. Send Nancy to service! sweet, delicate, lady-like little Nancy, with her dimpled white hands. Perhaps Nancy had no business to have white hands, and dainty, refined ways; but she had, and that was Aunt Sabina's fault for having her so much at the Manor. It was partly nature's fault, too, certainly, for Nancy had always seemed like a changeling, she was so above her surroundings.

Fred Hurst having thus discovered his own love, proceeded to discover Nancy's. It was all clear to him now, he was sure she had given her pure childlike heart to him, perhaps unwittingly, as he had done. How blind he had been! With knowledge, caution came. Fred made up his mind that he must no more walk with Nancy till he was prepared to do so in his true character—that of a lover. This would be impossible till he could offer a home to Nancy. It might be that his father would even turn the Forests away, if he suspected his son's affection for their only child. He could not risk that. So two months passed.

Fred was organist at the parish church and had been composing songs, as we have seen. Most of them had come back to him accompanied by polite notes of refusal; one or two had come out and failed to attract any notice. Now, "Winged Love" was proving a success—so he had resolved to speak to Nancy herself, though not yet to the parents on either side.

It was a pity he didn't take the straightforward course—it pays best, did people but know it. Had Fred Hurst gone to the house boldly that night, it might, as I have said, have saved much misery. Had he glanced through the uncurtained window of the "house-place," I think he would certainly have gone in, for he would have seen Nancy in tears.

Mrs. Forest was a woman whose temper could not have been sweet under the best of conditions. It will be understood, then, that it developed into something very bad indeed under the worrying influence of a master like Mr. Hurst, who was never satisfied, and whose method of dealing with those he employed was one of incessant bullying. He was, moreover, subject

to delusions about being cheated, and his suspiciousness was always in evidence.

This last fault was also one of Mrs. Forest's own, and if anything a worse one than her bad temper, and was not infrequently the occasion of an exhibition of the latter. When Nancy got home from Miss Michin's on the night when Fred Hurst tried to meet her, she found her mother in one of her worst moods. Mr. Hurst had been there all the morning, superintending the killing and packing of the turkeys for the London market.

Nancy had made up her mind on her way home to ask her mother for a little money to buy herself some new gloves. She resolved to make her request at once on entering the house-place, where her mother was—partly from a desire to get what generally proved a disagreeable business over as soon as possible, and more, perhaps, because she saw her father sitting smoking his pipe in the chimney corner. John Forest usually supported his daughter, who was a great favorite of his. He generally called her "Sweet Nancy," because she was so pretty and dainty, and, above all, so good tempered—a quality he knew how to appreciate.

"I was wondering, mother," Nancy began hesitatingly, as she removed her hat and advanced towards the wood fire, above which Mrs. Forest was hooking on a huge kettle of fowls' food—"I was wondering if I might have some new gloves for Christmas."

"And where, I should like to know, is the money for them to come from?" demanded the mother sharply. "I want lots of things I go without. It takes all I can scrape and spare to buy saucers for them chickens to break. It's a shame of the master not to buy proper drinking dishes for them; and when I asked him for some, he said your father could dig a hole and sink the old copper boiler in it, and fill that with water for them, just as if he hadn't the sense to see as how every blessed chicken 'ud get drowned, and me be blamed for it, as usual."

"Here is half a sovereign as the master gave me for you to pay for the sacks. Couldn't Nancy have some of that?" inquired John, fumbling in his pocket for the coin.

Mrs. Forest took the money from his hand and placed it upon the chimney-piece, intending to put it away presently in the tea-pot in the corner cupboard, which, however, she forgot to do, otherwise this story would have never been written.

"I want all that ten shillings to get a new cocoa matting for the front room floor," she said, decidedly. "The bricks strike as cold as a grave since the old matting was took up."

"I must go and grind the turnips for the sheep, and move 'em into the other fold for the night," said John, knocking out the ashes from his pipe and rising to go. As he was closing the door behind him he called to his wife, "You let the cocoa-matting bide, and give Nan a shilling or two for her gloves."

"That I shall do nothing or the sort, then," shouted Mrs. Forest after her husband; then, turning on her daughter angrily, she asked: "What do you want gloves at all for, I should like to know? I don't wear gloves; and why should you, who do nothing to earn them?"

"I shall be out of my time soon," Nancy answered, beginning to cry; "and I will pay back then all I have cost."

"I daresay," sneered her mother; "it'll take all you can earn to deck yourself out to catch young Mr. Fred's eyes. Don't you think as I'm not sharp enough to see which way the wind blows."

"Mother!" cried Nancy, rising indignantly to her feet, her eyes flashing, her cheeks burning with shame and anger. "How dare you talk to me so? You have no right!"

"Haven't I no right?" almost shrieked Mrs. Forest. "I stand none of your impudence!" And with these words her passion so took possession of her that she leaned forward and with her open hand struck her daughter a stinging blow on one of her cheeks. "You are fond of crying," she said, "so take something to cry for—for once."

But Nancy did not cry: she stood still, staring in a bewildered way at the burning log upon the hearth, the flame from which danced upon her reddened cheek.

Had Fred remained a little longer in the orchard, trouble might have been prevented; for he would have seen Nancy, whom Mrs. Forest sent to bring in the new linen which was bleaching. Mrs. Forest gave her this to do, because she could not bear to see her stand so silent and dazed.

She was, indeed, heartily ashamed of the act she had committed the moment it was over, but knew what was done couldn't be undone. She had never struck her daughter before, and resolved never to do so again: but it did not occur to her to tell Nancy so. Had she done so, the warm-hearted child would have responded at once to such an advance; but she only said: "Well, well; have done staring in the fire, Nan; and run and fetch the linen from the orchard."

Nancy obeyed mechanically, little knowing who had just left the spot, and feeling in her young heart all the bitterness of utter desolation.

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A night of sorrow is said to give place to a morning of joy. This would be a comforting thought were it not that the morning must likewise give place in its turn to another night.

The morning which followed the night of Nancy Forest's bitter humiliation was certainly a bright one—at least, by contrast; and, unfortunately, much so-called happiness is only such. Were the world not a dark and naughty one, a good deed might not shine so brightly. In the first place, Nancy was young and healthy; so the wintry sun, though it shone on a frozen ground, cheered her. Then Mrs. Forest was unusually amiable at breakfast, and paid some attention to her daughter, which she generally found herself too busy to do. Her father made much of her, as was his habit. He had apparently heard nothing of last night's episode.

The walk across the hills to Shenton was exhilarating, and at the end of it a pleasant surprise awaited Nancy. She found Miss Michin already at work on a dress for Miss Sabina Hurst when she arrived. The good-natured little woman greeted her apprentice brightly. "You are looking better, Nancy; the walk has given you a color." Then she reached out her hand to a table near her, and took a little parcel from it and gave it to Nancy.

"It is nothing," she explained, as the girl looked at it curiously. "Open it, dear; it is a trifle for a Christmas gift. I wish it was more."

Nancy could only say "Oh, Miss Michin—how kind!" to begin with. Then she unwrapped the paper and saw a dainty pair of brown kid gloves with ever so many buttons. This matter of the buttons was not unimportant in Nancy's eyes. Had her mother given her the money, she thought, she could never have bought gloves with more than two buttons.

"This is just what I needed—oh, thank you so much," she exclaimed, when she had looked at them.

"That was what I thought," said the dressmaker; "so now we must set to work and get a good day."

And Nancy did work well that day, never looking up from her work, except once to glance across to the Post-office at the time she knew Benny Dodd usually came out to go to the church. She could not see Fred, so it was some pleasure to her to look at the small boy who blew the organ for him.

But Benny did not perform that office for the young musician on this day, for Fred Hurst had gone to London that morning, summoned thither by a letter from Messrs. Hermann and Scheiner, music publishers. The marked success of "Winged Love" had disposed these gentlemen to make the young composer a good offer for his next song. The more immediate cause of their determination was the fact that Senor Flores had chosen to sing "Winged Love" at the last Saturday afternoon concert at St. James' Hall, and its reception had been such as to establish a certain sale for songs from the same hand. "Who is this Fred Hurst?" people in London were asking.

Miss Sabina, in her showy drawing-room up at the Manor Farm, thought over the event all day in her own critical way, and predicted evil as the result. There was an old Broadwood grand piano in the room where she sat, covered with a pile of old music—Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Haydn, and all the composers whose music Miss Sabina disliked.

This music had belonged to Fred's mother, a fair and unfortunate creature, whose own story I shall some day write. Miss Sabina's performances upon the pianoforte were limited to such compositions as the "Canary Birds' Quadrilles," "My Heart is Over the Sea," etc." which she never played at all now. But she looked at the old piano, and recalled her sister-in-law's pretty baby looks and tragic end, and prophesied evil for Fred. Jacob Hurst laughed the whole business to scorn. The one being in Shenton who could have genuinely rejoiced at Fred's success knew nothing about it.

Nancy's thoughts were constantly with him, however, and when her work ended for the day, and she walked homeward across the hills to Braley Brook, she connected many an inanimate object she passed with some look or word of his. These looks and words had always been so kind, so gentle, that as the brook, where the forget-me-nots grew in summer, or the bank in the hollow where the primroses grew thickest in spring, or the fallen tree, which, as the weeks passed, would become golden with moss and lichen again—as all these would awaken to summer sunshine and gladness—so would her heart. Fred's love for her—she felt sure he had loved her—was only hidden away like the flowers under the snow, to bloom forth again in spring. It was her winter, that was all, she told herself. She must wait as the flowers did.

When she reached home, her mind was filled with hope—hope which but too soon was to give place to despair. Last night Mrs. Forest had struck her—but then she had not looked nearly so angry as she did now when her daughter appeared before her.

"Where is my ten shillings?" she cried menacingly, as Nancy closed the kitchen door behind her. "What have you done with it, you ungrateful, unnatural girl?" she repeated loudly.

"Indeed, mother, I know nothing of it," poor Nancy answered, trembling violently.

"Is it in that there teapot?" inquired the enraged mother, thrusting the article in question close to the frightened girl's face. Nancy glanced rapidly from the empty teapot to the chimney-piece.

"You needn't look there, you hussy," Mrs. Forest continued, seeing the direction Nancy's eyes were taking. "There's nothing on the chimney-piece—the money's gone, and you've took it, because your father said you were to—it wasn't his to give—did he mend the sacks? tell me that! I'll have my money back—every halfpenny, so you'd better give it me before I make you."

"Mother, I have not touched it; I know nothing about it, really I don't said Nancy desperately.

"What's that you've got in your hand?" demanded Mrs. Forest, catching sight of the parcel containing the gloves.

Nancy did not answer; she was looking at the round table, which was covered with the shining brass ornaments which had been removed from the chimney-piece in the search for the missing coin. There they were—candlesticks, pans, snuffer-tray, and beer-warmer, articles she remembered from earliest childhood as never in use, and always highly polished. Now as the firelight flickered upon them they seemed to be looking at the distracted girl with countless fiery eyes which twinkled in malice. Nancy could not take off her eyes, she could not think for the moment. She vaguely knew that her mother took away her parcel, and presently Mrs. Forest's rasping voice recalled her from her stupefied reverie.

"So you spent it in gloves, did you? Six-buttoned ones, too—! Oh, you ungrateful, selfish, wasteful girl."

"Mother, mother," wailed Nancy, taking hold of Mrs. Forest's gown with one hand convulsively, while she pressed the other to her brow, where her wavy locks of hair lay all damp and ruffled. "You should believe—you must believe me—Miss Michin gave me the gloves—I have never seen your money—oh, mother, I couldn't have touched it—I couldn't."

"Don't add lies to it," broke out Mrs. Forest in a greater passion than ever.

Then this last remark, nothing could have easily been more unjust. Nancy had always been a very truthful child.

"If you can no longer trust me, it is perhaps better for me—to—to go away," said Nancy, softly.

"Yes—go—go now," replied her mother, who had arrived at that stage of rage when people use words little heeding their meaning.

Nancy buttoned her little jacket once more, and tied a silk handkerchief round her neck, and passed out at the door in a wild, hurried fashion.

Mrs. Forest looked at the door and smiled. "She'll none go," she said to her self; "where could she go to?"

But Nancy did not resemble her mother in hasty moods, she was rather the subject of permanent impressions. Her mother's conduct had wounded her to the quick. She could no longer endure it, she thought. Hitherto, her father's love had rendered it bearable—but now, even that seemed powerless to keep her under the same roof as her mother. Where could she go? She would walk on, no matter in what direction; then, when she could walk no more, she might perhaps be calm enough to think.

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"Where is Nan?" asked John Forest, when he entered the house, an hour after Nancy had left it.

"Oh, she'll be here presently," replied the mother evasively. Of course Nancy would come soon, she thought to herself, and what was the use of rousing John?

Another hour passed. "Nan's very late to-night," said her father. "I've a mind to go and meet her."

"You bide by the fire, John," responded his wife. "Nancy's in a tantrum because I found out as she'd took that bag-money—she'll come in when she's a mind."

"The bag money!" repeated John in a puzzled way. "Nan take it!—she never did, barring you give it her."

"She did then, and bought gloves with it, to do up with six buttons, and there they be now beside you on the settle," retorted Mrs. Forest. John looked in the place his wife had indicated, and there, sure enough, lay the brown kid gloves. This evidence did seem conclusive. John shook his gray head as he held the dainty gloves across his rough palm, and presently said, "You have kept her too short, wife—girls wants their bits of things." He paused and sighed heavily, and then added, "I'll go and look for her."

"It's all your fault, John," broke out his wife as he rose to go. "You as good as told her to do it."

"You ought to have given her some money. Eliza, and you've been nagging at her and driven her out this cold night; if harm comes of it——" said John as he went out.

"Fiddlesticks about harm; what harm can come to her, I should like to know?" retorted his wife, without allowing him to complete his sentence. Then the door closed and Eliza Forest was alone, with the ticking of the eight-day clock to bear her company.

Slowly the hand of the clock traveled on. A clock is a weird companion—above all, one that strikes the hour after a preliminary groaning sound as this clock did. Mrs. Forest tried to occupy herself with the stocking she was knitting, but she was uneasy and let her work fall in her lap while she reflected to the accompaniment of that metallic "Tick-tick" of the clock. "My mother always said that my temper would get me down and worry me," she mediated; "and I believe it will before it's done."

Ten o'clock struck—eleven o'clock, and Mrs. Forest grew really alarmed. She rose and placed her knitting on the high chimney-piece—she generally put it there out of the way of the cat, who played with the ball—and opened the door and peered out into the darkness. There was a sound of footsteps along the frozen high road. She listened intently, but the horses began to move about in the stable close by and she could no longer hear the footsteps.

The cold wind blew right against her, chilling her through and through. But she still stood there in the doorway. By-and-by there were unmistakable footsteps near at hand. A moment more and John was beside her. He was alone. "Wife," he began in a hollow voice, "Nan left Miss Michin as usual; has she been home?"

"I told you she had," gasped the mother. "I told you she and me had had a tiff about the money."

John Forest made no comment, he was too desperate for that. He knew well enough that if his quiet, patient little Nan had gone away, she must be in a state of mind out of which tragedies come. He would go and rouse Jim Lincoln, who slept in the stable loft, and they would search for her. Mrs. Forest watched her husband disappear in the dim starlight, and then went back to the kitchen. Vague fears took possession of her. She dreaded she knew not what. All her unkindness to Nancy, culminating in last night's blow, seemed to rise up against her. Even as to the taking of the money, Nancy had had her father's sanction and might have thought that enough. But Nancy denied having touched the money; what if, after all, she had spoken the truth! She had always been particularly truthful in even the smallest matters. Mrs. Forest would try not to think any more; it was too painful. She would reach down her knitting and try to "do" a bit.

She rose and took down the half-knit stocking, but the spare needle was missing. She felt with her hand upon the chimney-piece, but could not find it. Then she mounted a chair and searched. It was

nowhere to be seen. "It may have slipped into the nick at the back," she thought, and she got a skewer and poked it into the narrow groove. Out fell the needle—and something else which made a clinking sound as it fell upon the brick floor. She stooped to see what it was, and there glittering in the firelight lay the missing half-sovereign.

* * * * * *

When Fred Hurst had seen Messrs. Hermann and Scheiner, he was in the highest possible spirits: a whole future seemed to open out before him.

It may appear that Fred was conceited, and bought a little pearl ring for Nancy, meaning to place it on her third finger next day when her lips should have given him the promise he knew her heart had long since given. Having made his purchase he took train from Liverpool Street to Exboro', from which place he would have to walk to Shenton, where he could not arrive until one o'clock in the morning. He had performed some miles of his walk across the hills, and was within an appreciable distance of Braley Brook, when he observed a dark figure crouching on a fallen tree. He was at first a little startled, for it was most unusual to meet anyone in this place, above all at such an hour: it was after midnight. On coming nearer he saw that the figure was that of a woman. It might be one of the cottagers from Shenton—who had been to Exboro' and been taken ill on the way home—he would see.

He came close and touched the crouching figure, and asked gently, "Are you ill? Can I do anything for you?"

The figure started violently and looked up at him, and in the starlight he recognized the face of Nancy Forest.

In a moment he was seated on the fallen tree beside her, and had placed his arm about her. "Nancy, dearest Nancy," he cried, pressing burning kisses on her cold cheek—the first he had ever given her. "Nancy, speak to me; tell me what is the meaning of your being here."

But you could not answer him then; she simply laid her cheek against his shoulder and wept bitterly. But she did tell him all presently; and he told her what he had long since wished to tell, and they walked together to the old farm, for, of course, Nancy must return to her parents for a little time—only a very little time, they decided. When they reached the farm, John Forest and his wife were standing by the round table in the house place, where the half-soverign lay. John was hard and relentless; his wife was sobbing aloud. And then the door opened, and Nancy and Fred stood before them.

With a wild cry, Eliza Forest clasped her daughter to her heart, imploring her forgiveness. "My temper 'welly' worried me this time, Nancy," she said; "but after this I will worry it."

So here the story properly ends, for Mr. Hurst, to the surprise of everyone, yielded a ready consent to the marriage, and even offered an allowance to the young couple and one of his small farms to live in. Miss Sabina allowed her old interest in Nancy to revive, and sent her the material for her wedding dress, which Miss Michin announced her intention of making up herself—every stitch. Nor was this all. Mrs. Dodd, the worthy post-mistress, with whom Nancy had always been a favorite, begged her acceptance of a prettily-furnished work-basket which she had made a journey to Exboro' to buy.

And the half-sovereign?

It was never spent, but was always in sight under a wine-glass, to remind the owner—so she said—"of how her temper nearly worried her."

THE WOMAN IN MARRIAGE.

IF a woman puts personal whims always in the way of her husband's work and her children's developement, we need not be surprised if the man forgets the worship and takes refuge in tyranny and becomes a sullen moody dictator.

As always, women's fate really lies in their own hands. The place they will have is the place they can take, as I once heard a plain man say.

But I must say a word or two about the question of Ibsenism, as it is called. The question, I take it, is: "Is it lawful and even desirable that a married woman should 'live her own life,' should develop on her own lines, and continue any artistic intellectual life apart from witchood and motherhood?"

I long to answer yes, a thousand times yes. Why did God put talents and powers in any woman but that they should develop, and that her living of her own poor life should spread instead of dwindling miserably within her.

But at the same time, she must not develop one part of her nature at the expense of another. If she has chosen to be a wife, and God has sent her children, she must manage to unite the two-fold work or give up the intellectual. In marrying she has distinctly laid down the high calling of virginity, and she is bound to follow the high calling of matrimony; my belief is that she can be the mother of one child or of many children, and yet do magnificent work. But whether or not, the old saying was: "They that rock the cradle rule the world," and I am convinced that as soon as women stop rocking the cradle they will cease rather than begin to rule the world.

A new era seems coming in with a marriage of intellectual and manual work, and here again let women achieve great things by going on nature's lines. Charlotte and Emily Bronte thought through their elemental novels while they baked their pies, and I fancy that much morbidness and warped intellectual standpoint may vanish if we get more thoughts that have come over babies' cradles and in open-air ponderings while children are getting red cheeks and brown legs in the sunshine. We have had many views and books of men, who have sat much in studies, and not made bread and swept floors. If women are to produce original thought, they had better do it like Demosthenes, with pebbles in their mouths, especially as nature has supplied them with the pebbles.

But you will say I have spoken of the Ibsenite and tragic side of marriage, but not of the dusty, petty, common side, where we sulk and quarrel and forget our high start. Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle loved each other dearly, but they were more miserable and unhappy than they were exalted. Yes, two people who love each other intensely will feel little ignominious unkindness and injustice far more than the unloving; and if they once make a bed in their hearts for the bitter reflections called forth by the injustice, they will grow and swallow up the love or at least widen the breach.

George Eliot says of Maggie Tulliver: "Tom was very hard to her, she used to think in her long night watchings—to her who had always loved him so; and then she strove to be contented with that hardness, and to require nothing. That is the path we all like when we set out on our abandonment of egoism—the path of martyrdom and endurance, where the palm-branches grow, rather than the steep high-way of tolerance, just allowance, and self-blame, where there are no lofty honors to be gathered and worn."

An old German myth tells of Thiolf, fell giant of evil, who could be quelled and beaten down again and again if you did not name his name: but if that was once uttered, you could do no more against him. Yes, that's fearfully true. Let married women avoid tragic diaries and confidantes. If they must rail at anyone, let them rail at their husbands, but even that is best done jocularly, as fun sends arrows home as well as turns their shafts. Indeed a good "box wherein jokes compacted lie," were the very best gift a fairy could give a married couple. But common sense forbearance and no house room for a grievance is the best recipe.

An old motto for married folk, "Whatever brawls disturb the street. Let there be peace at home," and this is full of wisdom. But yet wives ought to remember that there is such a temptation as courting popularity, and sometimes an argument is inevitable and must be faced. If only the wife keeps her temper no harm need come of it. The husband will possibly not keep his, but if the wife keeps a firm grip over herself, she can get the needful thing said and then be quiet. Some friction, I think, is inevitable in married life, but I wish wives would economise it! I once heard a man say to his wife in the Wandsworth Road, "Well, if I am a bad 'usband, you makes it up a jorin' and a jorin'!"

Shrewd Heine, on his sick bed in Paris, loved Lady Lucie Duff Gordon with all his heart, because she was one of the few married women he knew without a grievance, who did not carry about a wounded heart to be healed by strangers.

Resentment widens wounds, but patience is like the dark purple herb, self heal, that grows in dusty hedge rows to heal hard blows, and does not work until it has been crushed.

Yes, the more we think about it, the more we must love and reverence the holy, divinely appointed institution of marriage; the more we must see that nothing else can ever possibly take its place. Its very difficulties make it so beautiful, and if we would begin and try to make our life a sacrament, the key of self sacrifice would not get lost so often.

UNIMAGINATIVE BEGGARS.

A chatty paper, "Tribulations of a Cheerful Giver," by W. D. Howells, is printed in the Century for June. Mr. Howells gives the following experiences with the begging fraternity:

I must say that his statement of his own case is usually incoherent, and sometimes seems even a little fabulous. The poor fellows have very little imagination or invention; they might almost as well be realistic novelists. I find that those who strike me for a night's lodging, when they stop me in the street at night, come as a rule from Pittsburgh, and are iron workers of some sort; the last one said he was a puddler, "A skilled mechanic," he explained—"what is called a skilled mechanic"; and, of course, he was only watching for some chance to get back to Pittsburgh, though there was no chance of work, from what he told me, after he got there. On the other hand, I find that most of those who ask by day for money to get a dinner are from Philadelphia, or the rural parts of eastern Pennsylvania, though within six months I have extended hospitality (I think that is the right phrase) to two architectural draftsmen from Boston. They were both entirely decent looking, sober-looking young men, who spoke like men of education, and they each gratefully accepted a quarter from me. I do not attempt to account for them, for they made no attempt to account themselves; and I think the effect was more artistic so.

I am rarely approached by any professed New Yorker, which is perhaps a proof of the superior industry or prosperity of our city; but now and then a fellow-citizen who has fallen out asks me for money in the street, and perhaps goes straight and spends it for drink. Drinks, however, is as necessary in some forms as food itself, and a rich, generous port wine is often prescribed for invalids. These men, without exception, look like invalids, and I have no doubt that they would prefer to buy a rich, generous port wine if I gave them money enough. I never do that, though I have a means of making my alms seem greater, to myself at least, by practising a little cordiality with the poor fellows. I do not give grudgingly or silently, but I say, if I give at all, when they ask me, "Why, of course!" or "Yes, certainly"; and sometimes I invite them to use their feeble powers of invention in my behalf, and tell how they wish me to think they have come to the sad pass of beggary. This seems to flatter them, and it makes me feel much better, which is really my motive for doing it.

Now and then they will offer me some apology for begging, in a tone that says, "I know how it is myself"; and once there was one who began by saying, "I know it's a shame for a strong man like me to be begging, but—" They seldom have any devices for working me, beyond the simple statement of their destitution; though there was a case in which I helped a poor fellow raise a quarter upon a postal order, which he then kept as a pledge of my good faith. Their main reliance seems to be lead-pencils, which they have in all inferior variety. I find that they will take it kindly if you do not want any change back when you have given them a coin with more than they asked for the pencil, and that they will even let you off without taking the pencil after you have bought it. In the end you have to use some means to save yourself from the accumulation of pencils, unless you are willing to burn them for kindling wood, and I find the simplest way is not to take them after you have paid for them. It is amusing how quickly you can establish a comity with these pencil people; they will not only let you leave your pencils with them, but they will sometimes excuse you from buying if you remind them that you have bought of them lately. Then, if they do not remember you, they at least, smile politely, and pretend to do so.

THE liberty of the press is the true measure of the liberty of the people. The one cannot be attacked without injury to the other. Our thoughts ought to be perfectly free; to bridle them or stifle them in their sanctuary is the crime of lese humanity. What can I call my own if my thoughts are not mine?

If you are doubtful as to the use of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and cannot accept the experiences of millions who use it, after the 28 years it has been on the market, one trial will convince you. Ask your grocer for it. Take no imitation.

At Home and Abroad.

The Belgians are careful of their historic souvenirs. In the front of a house situated in the Faubourg de Shaerbuch, in Brussels, there is to be seen, half buried in the plaster, a cannon ball which was fired from a Dutch cannon at the period of the revolution of 1830, and has ever since been permitted to remain. Recently it was determined to restore and refront the house, and it was decided to make the repairs without disturbing the cannon ball.

Mr. Ruskin has written a letter in reply to the question, "Ought parents to leave a fortune to their children?" He says that parents ought to educate and maintain their children until they reach maturity. "modernism," he adds, "eats its children young. When they are strong, throw them out of the nest, but let the nest be always open to them. No guilt should ever stand between child and parent. The doors should be always open to a daughter who is a harlot or a son who is a thief, if they return; but no fortune should be left to them."

One would suppose that the turf would have been the last field to be invaded by the bicycle. But even turfmen have fallen victims to the fascinating delights of the wheel. The presiding judge of the San Francisco Racing Association took to the wheel a month or so ago, and now practically all the race track officials and several of the horse owners of that association are cycle devotees, while a large and almost daily increasing number of the patrons of the turf ride to and from the track on their wheels. This surely seems to be a direct invasion of the realm peculiarly claimed by the horse. There is now only one nope left, and that is that romantic lovers will not be deprived of the delights of a slow horse on a moonlit country road. When this resort shall have failed the horse will surely be doomed.

Americans have been pictured as sixty millions of persons seated in sixty millions of rocking chairs—some of them cradles, of course. But now comes Dr. Laine, a French West India physician, who says it *is good for us. He has been talking of* what he calls "the good effects that the lullaby-chair exercises on subjects affected with atony of the stomach." Atony is want of tone. A course of rocking chair after every meal, the oscillations being quiet and regular, "stimulates gastro-intestinal peristaltism." The chair ought to be light, so that rocking requires no effort, and sufficiently inclined backward that the person may lie rather than sit in it. Dr. Laine has done Americans a real service. It has always been rather difficult to explain the national passion for the rocking chair, but now it is only too easy. Americans are the worst sufferers from dyspepsia and indigestion in the world, but it now appears that we have instinctively rushed to what is now proved to be the best system of relief.

A model disinfecting station of Syracuse, in Sicily, has just been opened by the Italian Government, for persons coming from suspected Eastern ports. The building is divided into two parts. On one side is a hospital, provided with every modern appliance to secure pure air, proper drainage, and the prevention of contagion; on the other side are the disinfecting rooms. Among the outbuildings are a mortuary for a crematory, and a "columbarium" for the ashes of the cremated bodies. Passengers and crews of suspected vessels are sent into the disrobing rooms, one for each sex, in the disinfecting wing. There they undress and pass their clothes through a hatchway to an attendant. They then go into a bathroom, from which, after a thorough wash, they pass into a dressing-room, where, after a while, they receive their disinfected clothes. The baggage is lifted out of the vessel directly into the establishment by a large crane, and is put through the same process.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonial, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Our Young Folks.

BY A DOG'S BRAVERY.

BY A. L. S.

MANY miserable dogs wander half starved about the streets of Rome, feeding upon whatever they can get, and sleeping in any shed they can find. The poor cur about whom I shall tell you was one of these, though he belonged to a workman, who, however, never troubled his head about him. Sooner or later, he was sure to end his life in the Stabularia Municipale (lost dogs' yard), for this was the fate of all such dogs.

But one day a bright-eyed little girl noticed him, as she was going to school. "Povarino" (poor little one) she said, stooping to caress him. The poor beast was so used to kicks and blows that it shrank away, but seeing the pity in her face, it ventured near, and then began timidly to lick her hands, with a little pitiful whine of surprise and gratitude. Anita had some biscuits, which she shared with the dog, who had never got anything so good before. And oh, how he enjoyed the kind words and caresses!

They met every day after this, and Anita never forgot to have a scrap of something for her friend. Sometimes she coaxed her mother and got a morsel of meat, but this was seldom. Her parents were poor, and there is little pity or sympathy for animals in Italy.

So I don't think it was what he got to eat from Anita which changed the dog's appearance so much. His behaviour longer seemed starting from hunkin, but it was not so rough, his brown eyes lost the frightened look which is so pitiful to see with those who can never speak their wrongs or sorrows.

"Mother! he grows beautiful!" cried Anita one day, as she ran home from school. He had followed her a few yards, and had then run away, as he always did at first sign of a crowd. "Let me have him for my own—do, mother—let me bring him home!"

At this Anita's mother was angry. There was reason in all things, she said; she did **not grudge a biscuit or an old scrap**, to please Anita; but Anita should have no more if she dared speak of such a thing as letting it inside the door—they were poor enough without having a dog to burden them.

Anita was frightened lest she should get no more biscuits, and never spoke of the dog again before her mother. But she had several little brothers and sisters—Anita was ten years of age, and the oldest—and she talked to them about the dog, which she had named Lolo, after Romolo, her youngest little brother.

Anita's stories about Lolo, how starved he was, how grateful, how fond of her, gave them new ideas about dogs, whom they had seen kicked and cuffed so often, that I suppose they thought them made for that. But they wished much to see Lolo.

However, this did not seem likely, and Anita went on meeting and giving him such stray bits as she could, till one day something happened.

It was a lovely spring morning, and the yellow Tiber was running swiftly between its narrow banks. Under the Ponte Margherita, Anita stood to watch it, as she had often done before. But this time she overbalanced herself, and fell from the parapet into the rushing waters below.

In a moment all was confusion. A crowd gathered, there was rushing and screaming. Hither and thither on the bridge and the banks people ran, calling for someone to help the child; but no one took the plunge to do so. Anita was drowning before their eyes.

The children at home were looking out for Anita, the mother preparing the little midday meal, the father intent on carving an ivory crucifix, for which he had got an order—everyone was so busy while the child was almost strangled in the whirling waters.

"What is the matter?" asked an Englishman, nearing the crowd.

"A child drowning, eccellenza?"

In an instant he had pushed through the people and reached the parapet, prepared to plunge in. He never forgot what he saw.

A dog was breasting the current, swimming gallantly, the child's frock in his mouth. He neared the bank, gained it, hands were stretched out, and the child was drawn out—white, insensible, lifeless apparently.

When he saw her in safety the dog jumped and bayed for joy, licking her hands, her face, seeming to beg of her to look up.

But as she revived, the people tried in their wonder to catch the dog, who had been so much braver than themselves. This frightened him, and he ran through their midst and disappeared.

The little girl was crying bitterly as she saw him vanish. They carried her home.

The Englishman had heard from some one in the crowd of the dog and the child having been friends. He asked where was her home, and a little later in the day he went to it.

Anita was in her mother's arms, shivering and burning by turns, the color all gone out of her cheeks; the children stood round with wide-open frightened eyes; the father, his carving laid down, held one hand and tried to soothe her. But the fever was mounting to her head.

"She cannot rest, signor," said the mother, when the Englishman had explained that he came to inquire for Anita, "fretting for the poor faithful brute who saved her, and we know not where to find him—there are hundreds like him in the streets."

"He will die!" moaned the child. "I shall not be on the bridge to-morrow or anywhere; he will have no one to give him a kind word, and I shall never see him again—I know it!"

"You see," said the mother distressfully.

The Englishman did see, and help also. A little more, and the child would be raving, unless quieted.

"I shall go and seek your dog, little one," he said, stooping over the child. "Do you hear, Anita? I will seek and bring him to you, if you lie very quiet till I come back. Do you promise?"

"Oh yes!"

The mother showered blessings on him, the father thanked him earnestly. So he went, this big, strong, young Englishman, who was so tender to a child and to a dumb animal. That is the true manliness.

Anita lay quite still, as she had promised, refusing nothing her mother brought her. But it was a long time—her head ached, her pulses throbbed.

The step came at last—the firm, strong step. She recognized it, but she would not start up, lest he should think she forgot. He big, dark eyes seemed to shine as he entered—Lolo, poor wet, draggled Lolo, shivering and cowering in his arms.

But Lolo forgot his fears when he saw Anita. With a bound he was beside her, and as the Englishman saw the delight of the two, he was nearly as glad as either of them.

He felt his eyes moisten, so he turned to the father—a careworn, gentle looking man and asked to be shown some of his carvings and curiosities.

He found much that was really worth buying. The carving was very good, and only required to be known.

He promised himself it soon should be, and bought enough to gladden the poor carver's heart. Before he left, Anita was sleeping peacefully, worn out, but happy, with Lolo in her arms.

"I shall never more be unkind to any mortal thing," whispered the mother as she thanked him. "I would often scold Anita about the stray dogs and cats she was kind to; and see, but for one of them, my child would be cold and still now in the terrible river!"

I don't think in all the world there was a happier dog than poor Lolo—homeless no longer, petted, well fed and cared for, and always with Anita. Nothing was too good now for the despised cur, who once received blows and harsh words. He grew fat and handsome, from happiness, or so his little mistress thought.

It was a good hour for the family which had brought the Englishman to their door. He told the story of the dog's faithfulness, and it spread and interested people. They came and bought—the talent of the poor carver was seen, now that he had a rich friend. Soon the small, mean shop was changed for a better, he earned enough and to spare, gaining by degrees a very good position in his trade.

"And but for Lolo we should never have been so rich and happy!" Anita always maintained.

DOGS AND TALES.

One day a little boy and girl were playing together in the town of Weser, in Germany. The girl was only four years old; her brother was a few years older.

Whilst they were playing, the children were startled by the shouts of a man who was running after a mad dog. The boy saw the dog coming straight towards them, and wondered what he could do to save his little sister from danger. Even as he thought, he was acting. He tore off his coat and wrapped it round his arm; then he went to meet the dog, holding out the arm which was covered with the coat.

It is well known that when a dog is mad he goes straight on, and seizes the first object which comes in his way. So this dog attacked the brave boy's arm, and worried it till the man who had been trying to catch the creature before it did any harm came up and killed him.

"Why didn't you run out of the dog's way?" asked someone who saw the boy's strange conduct.

"If I had run away the dog might have bitten my sister," was the simple answer; "so I just gave him my coat."

This is rather a sad story, for we do not like to hear of mad dogs, though we are always glad to hear of brave boys: so we will have another tale of a dog which is equally true, but not so sad. A lady once had a pet dog named Pluto. He was very fond of his mistress, and one day, when she was taken ill, he wandered up and down the house in great distress. He seemed very anxious to help his good friend, but for two or three days he could not find out anything to do except fuss about and get in everybody's way.

At last Pluto saw some beef tea made for the patient. He watched the whole performance with interest, from the cutting up of the meat and putting it into the saucepan to the serving up of the beef-tea with delicate corners of toast. Then just as he was going to trot upstairs behind the maid who carried the tray, Pluto was surprised to find that the meat was put down for him to eat. He smelt it, looked round, and evidently thought that his mistress was being cheated out of part of her dinner.

Watching patiently till the patient was left alone, the faithful dog ran upstairs with the meat in his mouth, and laid it carefully on the pillow, close to her face. Then he lay down before the door, quite determined that no one should come in till his friend had eaten the dainty morsel he had brought for her.

Presently someone tried to enter the room, but Pluto barked angrily. This woke his mistress, who, putting out her hand, suddenly felt the damp wet beef, and gave a little shriek.

Poor Pluto! he was laughed at for many a day; but he did his best, after all.

A REFORMED PARROT.—In our cabin we had a menagerie of tame beasts and birds. When I was spoken to by this parrot, while passing, I turned and closely inspected its face. It winked.

There was something in its mere wink so pious, and something so unctuous in its voice, that I feel confirmed in my suspicion that this was the penitent parrot. Without being in the least annoyed by any one, and while seemingly gazing out in a dream over the blue, this bird would suddenly break out with a volley of mariners' patois and oaths enough to turn the air purple around it.

At length, when it was heard that some ladies had declared they would never sail in a ship with such a bird again, it was resolved that the parrot must be cured of its bad habits, and so it was. Its oaths were invariably followed by a ducking.

A large bucket of salt water was emptied on the poor bird's head each splash accompanied by a remark, "You've been swearing." Polly was thoroughly cured by this.

Once, when the boat had shipped a heavy sea which gave the reformed parrot a severe ducking, the bird, conscious of its own innocence, descended from its perch and repaired to the place of poultry. There it walked up and down before the deluged fowls, saying: "You've been swearing! You've been swearing!"

CUTTING IT FINE.—St. Anthony lived to the age of 105 on twelve ounces of bread and a little water daily. James the Hermit lived in the same manner to the age of 104.

St Epiphanius followed the same regimen, and died at 115. Simon Stylite at 112, and Kentigern, commonly called St. Mungo, lived in the same severe way, the latter, it is said, to the age of 185.

Judging from these wonderful instances of what may be described as a centuty of living starvation, one can only come to the conclusion that we all eat too much.

Too many wish to become happy before becoming wise.

HALL'S Hair Renewer cures dandruff and scalp affections; also all cases of baldness where the glands which feed the roots of the hair are not closed up.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

It is claimed that at present the English language is spoken by 115,000,000 people.

No person in Norway may spend more than threepence at one visit to a public house.

Red snow, which is sometimes seen, is due to the presence of a minute form of plant life, which secretes a red coloring matter.

Ohio ranks high among the manufacturing States, having 351,548 mill and factory hands, who produce every year $641,088,064 worth of goods.

The Holborn restaurant in London announces an innovation from New York in the shape of a lady type-writer to take down letters in shorthand.

Animals are often able to bear very protracted fasting. In the Italian earthquakes of 1703 a dog was buried, it is said, for 28 days and recovered.

Several Egyptian harps have been recovered from tombs. In some the strings are intact, and give forth distinct sounds after a silence of 3000 years.

Over 160 acres are given up to pickle growing in the vicinity of the town of Camden, Me. The crop is a profitable one, usually yielding an income of $100 to $150 an acre.

The nightingale still sings in England. On warm summer nights his tuneful notes may be heard in all parts of Epping Forest and on the road between Hampstead and Highgate.

Under Glasgow harbor a tunnel connecting the two banks of the Clyde has just been completed and will be opened next month. It is 16 feet in diameter and 700 feet long. It has been five years in building.

France recently adopted a plan for granting State pensions to aged workingmen. The scheme will give pensions to those who have subscribed for ten years to a benefit society. The allowances to each one will be about 365 francs a year.

Divorce has been legal in France now for eighty years. The first year the number granted was 1700; the second, 4000; in 1884 it was 8000; the total for eight years is 40,000. The working classes supply the largest proportion, 47 per cent.; the peasants the smallest, 7 per cent.

The first claim as an inventor of a safety lamp for use in mines was made by Dr. Clanny, of Newcastle, who, in 1813, contrived a ponderous and complicated machine, requiring a boy to work it. This apparatus never became popular; it was found to be too unwieldy.

The foundry in Birmingham, England, where Watt worked out his idea of the steam engine is now idle, after an existence of 133 years. At one time it employed 4000 men, but its business gradually fell off, and when it closed its doors only 400 men were on the pay-roll.

It is said that the future prosperity of many portions of the State of Washington depends upon finding some feasible method of exterminating the myriads of squirrels that infest the State. Traps, guns, bombs, arsenic and strychnine are being extensively employed for the purpose.

A resident of a section of Tacoma, Wash., which has been annoyed by cows despoiling lawns, placed poison on his lawn recently for the cows. The poison was devoured and the milk from the cows sold next morning in the neighborhood. A large number of children became very ill in consequence.

Gerrit Geyser, the well-known Dutch dwarf, who rivals in size the late General Tom Thumb, has joined the Salvation Army of the Netherlands, and may be seen promenading the streets of The Hague and Amsterdam in the Salvation Army uniform and presiding at crowded prayer meetings.

A petition has been presented to Speaker Gully, of the House of Commons, from many members of Parliament respectfully requesting that at future official receptions they may be excused from wearing the traditional "court dress" and be permitted to appear in the ordinary habiliments of respectable humanity.

It is estimated that the oceans and seas of our globe hold not less than 60,000,000,000,000,000 tons of salt in suspension. If these figures are correct and the ocean should be entirely dried up, there would be a deposit 150 feet deep over every foot of the great basin. If taken and spread over what is now dry land it would give us a covering 1500 feet thick.

Some interesting experiments were recently made in order to ascertain the effects of alcohol on working bees. By placing them on a regimen of alcoholized honey the most astonishing effects were produced. It was proved that they revolted against their queen, and gave themselves entirely over to idleness and to habits of pillaging and pilfering, until they were cast out by their fellows.

A novel watch has been invented which measures distance by sound. The inventor, a French officer named Thouvenin, has called the instrument a phonotelemetre. To operate it a little button is pressed at the instant of the flash and again at the sound. In the meantime a needle traverses a dial, registering time to the one-tenth part of a second. The rest is a mere matter of calculation.

A LEGACY.

BY S. T. C.

The queenly rose thy guardian hand
Saved yesterday from dying,
Pale, wan and withered from its stem,
Is now in ruins lying;
But the fond flower, to show she still
Was grateful, e'en in death
Her blushes to thy cheek bequeathed,
Her perfume to thy breath.

SNAKE CHARMING.

These so-called "charmers" almost invariably exhibit big non-venomous snakes, instead of the cobras employed by their Oriental prototypes, Indian pythons being commonly utilized for the purpose. These are kept in stock by all dealers in such wares.

They are sold at an average rate of five dollars per foot up to about ten feet; beyond that length they become more valuable, a python of fourteen or fifteen feet being worth $150, while one of twenty-five feet would probably fetch $200—the latter, however, would be too heavy to be manageable even if quiet, and would make its price as a menagerie specimen.

Dr. Lynn, the conjurer, brought over some Hindu charmers with true cobras, who performed with him. Some trouble arose amongst them, and he sent the men back to Madras; but the cobras were his own property, and he looked about for any men of color, without regard to nationality, to take the place of the departed half-castes. Two negroes volunteered, and were eventually engaged; but they would have nothing to do with the deadly ophidians until the fangs had been excised.

Like all experienced manipulators, the Indians had trusted simply to their own dexterity and experience in dealing with the cobras—after all, perhaps the easiest snakes in the world to play, by reason of the weight of their expansile hood, the peculiar posture assumed by them when standing on the defensive, and, not least, their never-failing and undisguised pugnacity.

Arab charmers not only handle but occasionally devour live serpents pro bono publico, as a variant of their commoner feat of eating scorpions and red-hot cinders. So jugglers, whose specialty is to pass naked swords or knives down their throats, sometimes "swallow" snakes, which they hold by the tail lest the descent into Avernus should be accomplished beyond recall, the creature being in reality caused to coil itself within the cavity of the mouth, as is quite possible with a slender snake half a yard or two feet long, while the muscles of the performer's bared throat and neck twitch and contract in a way calculated to delude the onlooker into believing that he sees the delectable morsel inside wriggling a protest against its deglutition.

A large "cobra da capello" was sent home several years ago to Sir Joseph Fayrer, who wanted a supply of venom for analysis. It bit the spoon repeatedly without yielding any, and on examination was found to have none to yield, not only its fangs but the poison-glands having been extirpated.

A protective operation still more cruel is sometimes practised by novices in the art of charming, and consists in securing the mouth with a stitch of silk passed through the lips in front; to perform this, the poor beast's head is held tightly pressed to the ground by a short stick on which the foot rests, while the other foot restrains the writhing body, leaving both hands at liberty for the needle.

Eleven apparently healthy cobras were on one occasion received at the London Zoologicals. They refused to feed, and grew thin. When one died, it was discovered that its mouth was sewn up with stitches so fine as to be invisible to any but the closest scrutiny. The rest of them did well on being restored to their normal condition.

In connection with this subject, I may mention that a rattlesnake was sent to me from up country when I was in Demerara, with the history that it had killed a coolie on one of the plantations. It had been badly injured about the spine, probably in capture, so that on reaching me it was not only dead but decomposed, and I was not able to make any very complete dissection; but I found that its lips were tied together with stitches—obviously the effort of an unpractised hand, since the work was very coarse. This had apparently been preceded by an unsuccessful attempt to extract the long, erectile, needle-like fangs, for one of these was twisted half round with its bony base, and had penetrated the lower lip when the jaws were forcibly closed. It is hardly possible that the duct was not occluded, but enough venom must have remained within the tube of the tiny delicate syringe to inflict a fatal scratch.

Snakes and snake-worship probably formed noteworthy ingredients of many ancient dramas. Unless the pictorial representations which have come down to us are otherwise than in accordance with truth, the Egyptian priests and priestesses must have been au fait at the manipulation of venomous species, both colubrine and viperine.

"Snake" is the name of a character in the "School for Scandal," and a "serpent" is a wind instrument not infrequently heard in the orchestra.

"Man-serpent" is a title often assumed by acrobats and contortionists, but is an inadequate one, inasmuch as they usually prove themselves capable of bending backwards and forwards to an extent which no serpent would be structurally competent to effect. A snake's motion and flexibility are nearly all lateral, the arrangement of the bony processes projecting from its vertebræ prohibiting more than a very limited movement in an antero-posterior direction. The amount of spinal flexion involved in touching one's toes with the knees straight would be an impossibility to the Ophidia—to say nothing of the attitudes in which they are depicted by artists and sculptors, or in which their stuffed skins are twined around poles.

BUT FEW PEOPLE KNOW IT.—An old cavalryman says that a horse will never step on a man intentionally. It is a standing order with cavalry that should a man become dismounted, he must lie down and keep perfectly still. If he does so, the entire troop will pass over him without his being injured. A horse notices where he is going, and is on the look-out for a firm foundation to put his foot on. It is an instinct with him, therefore, to step over a prostrate man. The injuries caused to human beings by a runaway horse are nearly always inflicted by the animal knocking down, and not by his stepping on them.

Grains of Gold.

The man who robs another cheats himself.

The more we love, the more we can see love.

A dozen people have courage to one who has patience.

Grateful content is a good sauce to serve at any dinner.

In the commerce of thought use only coin of gold and silver.

Opportunity, sooner or later, comes to all who work and wish.

If we had better sight everybody would be good looking.

Behave yourself, and you will keep somebody else out of mischief.

It is hard to believe that sin well dressed is the same as sin rolling in the gutter.

There are people who never accomplish anything because they try to do too much.

When a person is down in the world an ounce of help is better than a pound of preaching.

A happy heart is worth more anywhere than a pedigree running back to the Mayflower.

Give up money, give up science, give up earth itself, and all it contains, rather than do an immoral act.

Femininities.

Dr. Leslie Phillips, a scientist, warns women against wearing their hair short. He says men become bald because they cut their hair.

The will of Mrs. Mary Jane Bradford, a South Boston lady, provides a $4000 trust for the care and maintenance of a parrot—a bird she had owned for 20 years.

A strong-minded young lady said to her dressmaker recently, "If women are ever allowed to vote, what do you suppose will be the fashion for voting dresses?"

Mrs. Gotrox: "Why did you take your children away from Madame Wayuppe's school?" Mrs. Newrich: "Because she insisted upon teaching them vulgar fractions."

Mr. B., to Mrs. B.: "Come, Mary, cross over; there comes Mrs. Parks; she's just lost her husband, and we'd better give her a wide berth until we find out how much he's left her."

Rev. George Gibson, who figured so prominently in the Durant murder case in San Francisco, is to deliver a series of lectures in California towns, one of his subjects being "The Crimes of a Century."

If a girl thinks more of her heels than her head, depend upon it she will never amount to much. Brains which settle in the shoes never get above them. Young gentlemen will please put this down.

Jones asked his wife: "Why is a husband like dough?" He expected she would give it up, and he was going to tell her it was because a woman needs him; but she said it was because he was hard to get off her hands.

A 13 year-old girl of Oswego, N. Y., eloped and was married to a man last December. The parents of the child applied to the Supreme Court and had the marriage annulled, but the little one absolutely refuses to leave her husband.

A number of ladies on a steamboat were horrified on having an ordinary-looking man among the passengers pointed out to them as one "who had buried seventeen wives." He was a grave digger, but that didn't occur to the horrified ladies.

"I don't want no rubbish, no fine sentiments, if you please," said the widow who was asked what kind of an epitaph she desired for her late husband's tombstone. "Let it be short and simple, something like this: 'William Johnson, aged 75 years. The good die young.'"

The new cook has been strongly recommended; but the first three dinners have been something dreadful, and the mistress has ventured on a few words. Cook: "Well, mem, I dare say you think you're right; but wherever I've been cook they generally found it best to take things as I give 'em."

Lady gardening—Make your beds early in the morning; sew buttons on your husband's shirts; do not rake up any grievances; protect the young and tender branches of your family; plant a smile of good temper in your face; and carefully root out all angry feelings, and expect a good crop of happiness.

One of those ladies who take much care of their animal-pets than they do of their children, has got a pet poodle by the name of Fido. Recently, Mrs. Schlokey's little boy, Bob, asked his mother: "Shall I give Fido this piece of sugar he is begging for?" "No, my child, it might spoil his teeth; eat it yourself, Bobby."

Maiwatchin, on the borders of Russia and China, is said to be the only city in the world which is inhabited by men only. The Chinese women are not only forbidden to live in this territory, but even to pass the great wall of Kalkan and enter into Mongolia. All the inhabitants of this border city are exclusively traders.

A little girl, accompanying her mother on a visit to an old lady, the latter showed the child her parrot, in a cage by the window, warning her at the same time not to go too near, lest he should bite her. "Why should he bite me?" she asked. "Because, my dear, he doesn't know you." "Then please tell him that I am Mary Ann."

The woman suffrage movement is growing in England. There are five lady candidates headed by Viscountess Harberton, for the vestry in South Kensington. There are several in North Kensington, in Paddington, Westminster, Marylbone, St. Pancras and Islington. They have also appeared in the East End, there being three in Poplar alone.

A pretty idea, now become very popular in Paris, might be adopted with great success here. Windows which look upon ugly and or depressing scenes are fitted with a lattice work of white wood inside the room, the lattice work being entwined with ivy or other trailing greenery growing in pots on the window sill. The effect is most charming, especially in windows which overlook backyards.

Miss Mary M. Haskell, of Minneapolis, has just been appointed census taker for Cass county, Minn. The population of the county is widely scattered, and the trip will have to be made on horseback. Much of it is an unbroken wilderness, and there are many Indians in the county, some of whom will have to be enumerated. The undertaking is a formidable one, and very few women would be willing to attempt it.

Masculinities.

Prof. Frank Parsons asserts that in New York it costs a man from $30 to $100 a year for the same amount of transfortation he gets in Berlin for $4.50.

Cheek pads for improving the contour of the face cost five guineas a pair in London. They are made of corrallite, and have to be moulded with great care.

An English educator makes the charge that the training of young women and girls in the principles of chivalry toward the male sex has been sadly neglected.

A cold-water woman who made tea for her husband out of bird seed, instead of flaxseed as the doctor said, is now hunting for an antidote to stop his singing.

A Brown county, Mo., farmer sent a dollar in answer to an advertisment to find out "How to get rich," and received a card which read, "The best plan is to lay for suckers."

Lawyer: "You will get your third out of the estate, madam." Widow: "Oh, Mr. Bluebags! How can you say such a thing, with my second hardly cold in his grave?"

The Sheriff of Worth county, Ga., arrested a school teacher recently and found a pistol in his pocket. The teacher claims that the weapon was used to keep his school in order.

While shopping lately, a lady entered a shop where she had some time to stay. "Madam," said the shopman, with a wave of the hand, "you might take a seat while you stand."

A man in one of the Maine cities, who admired the dandelion blossom for a buttonniere, has made the discovery, much to his sorrow, that the pollen of that blossom gave him an aggravated case of hay fever.

Military education is commenced at an earlier age in Turkey than in any other civilized country. Before the aspirant for military honors is 12 years old he has received a preliminary course of instruction.

C. E. Bradford, a banker of Augusta, Wis., has contracted blood poisoning from the habit of wetting his fingers on his lips when counting bank bills. He has been obliged to go to the hospital for treatment.

The Duke of Anhalt, Germany, celebrated his birthday by establishing a decoration for workingmen. Every laborer in his dominions who has been twenty-five years in the employ of the same person or firm will receive a silver medal.

An English commercial traveler named Browning has distinguished himself in Paris by buying a photograph of President Faure at the news stand and tearing it to pieces. His defense was that it bored him to see so many photographs of the President.

"What makes Colonel —— so popular? I'm sure he is very stupid. He can hardly see beyond his nose," said a lady to a friend, who replied: "My dear, sharp-sightedness is not what makes a person popular. It is what the colonel doesn't tell that gives him such popularity."

At Alliance, O., an enraged horse seized the hand of Allen Johnson, who was attempting to bridle him, in his mouth, lifting him in the air, after which he trampled him nearly to death. The hand was torn off, and Johnson's collar bone and two ribs were broken.

George W. Cobb, Chaplain of the Bethel Mission Chapel, of St. Louis, is none the less a philosopher because is a humanitarian. He offers a lunch of sandwiches and coffee to all poor people who will attend an hour's religious service each Sunday evening.

General Gordon, of Georgia, tells the following story of the war period to illustrate the shrinkage of the Confederate currency: "One day a cavalryman rode into camp on a reasonably good horse. 'Hello, cavalryman,' said a foot soldier, 'I'll give you $3000 for your horse.' 'You go to (the bad place),' was the horseman's reply. 'I just paid $1000 to have him curried.'"

Viscount Gough, the Secretary of the British Embassy at Washington, has just succeeded to his father's seat in the House of Lords. He also receives an annual pension of $5000 awarded to the first viscount for three lives as a recognition of his conquest of the Punjab. The present Lord Gough is the grandson of that famous soldier, hence at his death the family will cease to draw the pension.

Figg: "What an uncertain man that Wiggler is in his moods! I met him at a banquet the other evening and he was as cordial as anyone could wish. A day or two after I saw him just as he was coming out of a sandwich eating house and he wouldn't so much as look at me." Fogg: "I don't see anything remarkable about that. Had you been a man of tact, you would not have recognized him on the latter occasion."

The advocates of the New Woman, with her advanced theories of woman's appeal, will learn with regret that the agitation is by no means a fin de siecle idea. In fact, some one has discovered that the idea is as old as the human race itself. In one translation of the Bible the word rendered "apron" in the common version is translated "breeches." "And they sewed fig leaves together and made themselves breeches."

Latest Fashion Phases.

Exceedingly stylish is a gown in black silk crepon, the skirt striped vertical with bands of rich cream guipure. The close-fitting bodice is of crepon, terminated at the waist by a belt of jets. Over this, however, is a most novel garniture of guipure lace. Below the yoke line bands of the lace are fitted to the front of the bodice, one on each side of the centre, and terminate in a short basque. Similar bands, forming short basques, are fitted on each side of the under-arm seam and again in the middle of the back. The small pointed yoke of black crepon is surrounded by a deep berthe of guipure, forming sharp points over the tops of the sleeves.

The sleeves are bouffante puffs to the elbow, and the collar band is surmounted by Vandyke points of lace.

A large hat of fancy black straw, trimmed with jets and cream lace, and long white gloves to the elbow, complete this ravissante toilette.

The gown may be rendered in silk and in colors as well as in black, though black and white is again very chic.

Another very elegant costume has the exceedingly full cloche skirt and plain fitted bodice or marine blue silk crepon, the bodice being fitted at the neck by a collar band of white silk. The novelty of this gown is found in the jacket-bodice of white pique. This is shaped out round at the neck, but covers the entire bodice below the yoke line, the fulness of the darts falling as two flat godets and terminating in points just below the waist line. Both edges of the jacket are bordered by a band of white silk, edged with tiny loops of gold cord. The immense gigot sleeves of white pique are adorned at the top by bands of the gilt edged silk and by two large pearl buttons.

A large straw hat, with flaring brim, has fan-plaitings of marine blue silk and clusters of flowers.

A more serviceable toilette is composed of pearl-gray mohair and black and yellow foulard silk. The flaring skirt has a very narrow but flaring front breadth, wide side breadths and a godet back. A half inch from the edge it is surrounded by a narrow black braid. The bodice of foulard silk is a plain French blouse, with draped collar-band and immense gigot sleeves. Straight bretelles of the mohair, edged with braid and adorned at the neck by tiny pointed revers of mohair, also edged with braid, form the only garniture of this bodice. These bretelles may be attached to the skirt, but are entirely separate from the bodice, thus admitting of varied combinations.

A small flat-brimmed hat is trimmed with a bunch of flowers and a large bow of fancy ribbon.

An ecru linen has the flaring skirt, fan-plaited and bordered above the hem, by a very broad band of white lace insertion.

The plain blouse is embellished by an immenese collet of the linen, with entre-deux of lace, forming square epaulettes over the shoulders, but plaited at the front of the neck, and forming a sharp point to the waist in the centre of the front. The collar band is of white lace, adorned at the front by a bow of stem green ribbon, and the bouffante puffed sleeves are finished by close fitting lower manches of lace. The green ribbon belt is fastened at the front by two loops and a buckle.

The flat-brimmed hat is garnished with Sixteenth Century ribbon, flowers and lace.

Costumes of pure white, from the plain crepon or silk parasol to the tip of the shoes, will be one of the prevailing fashions in summer dress, and they will be worn morning, noon and night, in all the varying graces of elegance.

Dressy sleeves for afternoon as well as evening wear are made quite short, reaching only to the elbow. From thence falls a very deep full frill of lace, covering the arm to the wrist. Sleeves of transparent material are lined with thinest tarletan to keep them in place, and caught up with ribbon rosettes with pretty effect.

Yokes, revers, sailor collars and bands of satin or velvet ribbon edged or covered with jet are favorite modes of decorating silk or light wool dresses. The bands extend from belt to neck, and three in front and three at the back are the usual number. When used over a contrasting color they are very effective, making a short waist look longer.

Pure undyed silk with a weave resembling canvas and rather coarse in texture is called Arabian silk. It is used for tailor suits for morning and traveling wear. Melton cloth of the finest quality is used by fashionable tailors instead of covert suiting for costumes and jackets for cool days at the seaside or in the mountains. Alpaca and English mohair are likewise extremely popular.

The newest summer bonnets—so called—are new in the sense of freshness, but not as marked novelties, and are made of crepe lisse, chiffon, Persian patterned nets, or exquisitely wrought Indian tissues, with laces to match. These French trifles, light as air, represent foreign "dress" styles, the delicate straws, satin braids, and bonnets made of rushes being relegated to a secondary place in fashionable gowning. Aigrettes are very much in evidence this season, pink and gold and pink and cream aigrettes being first choice. A beautiful evening head-dress, has a crown of mauve net delicately wrought with violet, pearl and gold beads, mauve aigrette rising from a cluster of Scottish thistles and rosy violets by way of garniture, with fan folds at each side of the most exquisite Venetian lace. A roll of violet velvet and a glittering jeweled ornament at the back gave the finishing touches to one of the daintiest bonnets for a rosy blonde that ever left the hands of a Parisian milliner.

The continued popularity of the shirt waists is proved by the demand for them, which is greater than ever before, and they come in greater variety. They are made of dainty fancy shirtings, chambray, cheviot, lawns, nainsook, batiste and linen. Pink, blue and yellow are the favorite colors, and these are made up with white linen collar and cuffs or all of the same material. Waists with starched fronts like shirts for men are rarely seen, and softer, more feminine waists are the proper thing. Linen and ecru batiste are especially suitable for traveling waists, and whether they are made of silk, linen or cotton, they all have the pointed yoke in the back, full fronts, and are buttoned with pearl buttons.

Colored linen and duck gowns, made in the coat and skirt style, are to be as much worn as they were last year, and more fancy dresses of linen are trimmed with white or colored embroidery to match the gown.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Pancakes.—Sift one pint of flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder into a bowl. Add one half teaspoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of butter. Rub the butter fine in the flour, add one-half pint of water, two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of molasses. Mix this into a smooth batter and bake on a hot, well-greased griddle. Serve with maple syrup.

Plain Omelet.—Three eggs, three spoonfuls milk, one quarter teaspoonful salt and a pinch of white pepeor; stir yolks, pepper, salt and milk together; beat the whites to a stiff froth, and add the above mixture slowly to them, beating constantly; put a large frying or omelet pan over the fire with one-half tablespoonful butter; when hot pour in the omelet mixture; do not stir, but as the eggs set slip a broad-bladed knife under the omelet to keep from burning on the bottom; when done slip the knife under one side of the omelet and double it over.; slip into a warm plate and set for two minutes in a hot oven; serve at once.

A couple of onions plus a crust of bread is a day's rations for a Spanish laborer, and the hardy Scot with a raw onion or two and an oatcake finds life well worth living. In France a soup made from onions is universally in use after all violent exertions, and during the Franco Prussian war was always on the bill of fare provided by the commissariat after a battle or retreat. Last and most conclusive testimony of its usefulness, and strongest argument for its use, it is recommended for the complexion. Under these circumstances the statement of a confirmed onion eater, to the effect that a cup of black coffee taken immediately after onions and followed by a gargle of camphor and myrrh removes all odor from the breath, is valuable.

A small box with three shelves and a cover closing with a hook can be placed on the fire escape and serve capitally as an outside refrigerator for the warm days.

Old flannel shirts make good dusters and can be washed weekly. For the rubbing of silver they are invaluable.

A brass rod fastened by long brass hooks over a stationary wash basin in a bath room makes a good rack for towels and wash cloths.

Cheese omelet should be made by breaking twelve eggs into a bowl and beating lightly with a fork for a minute only. Add one cupful of milk and two ounces of Parmesan cheese grated. Season with salt and pepper. Put in a frying pan two ounces of butter. When melted, pour in the eggs. When they thicken sufficiently fold in two and serve immediately. The secret of a good omelet depends mainly on two things—a careful adjustment of the heat, so that the eggs cook sufficiently on the outside to bear turning, while they are yet soft on the inside, and a rapid service when cooked. The best made omelet will spoil if kept waiting.

Cocoanut Snow Sauce.—Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth and boil one cup of sugar with half cup of water until it forms a thread between two fingers; then gradually pour it into the beaten whites, stirring constantly; next add one cup of freshly grated cocoanut.

Orange Fritters.—Pare and quarter six oranges and remove the white skin and pits; mix the orange pieces with the same ingredients as apple fritters, drop the mixture by spoonfuls into the boiling lard and fry a light brown. See that each fritter has three pieces of orange and serve with the following sauce: Stir two tablespoonfuls butter with six tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar into a cream and add the yolk of two eggs and half cup finely-cut orange pieces; set the sauce in a sauce pan of boiling water and stir until it is melted, then serve. Care should be taken to choose oranges that are not bitter.

Fillet of chicken, a la Maltaise.—Prepare the fillets of three fine young chickens, as directed before; lay the large fillets on a board with the skin side downward; make an incision in the centre of each fillet and fill it with one tablespoonful of chicken forcemeat, then sew it up. The forcemeat is prepared from the mignons; season the fillets with one tablespoonful salt and one-half teaspoonful white pepper; cut two truffles into six slices, dip them in white of egg and lay one slice in centre of each fillet; put them in a buttered pan large enough to receive them, pour over four ounces melted butter, cover with buttered paper and set in a cool place. In the mean time prepare a rice border as follows: Place one-half pound well-washed rice in a saucepan over the fire; cover with cold water; cook five minutes; drain in a sieve and rinse off with fresh, cold water; return the rice to a saucepan again, cover with one pint milk; add one even teaspoonful of salt, and cook till thick and tender; then add one ounce butter and the yolks of three eggs; butter a boader form, put in the rice, and place it on a baking sheet in a hot oven; bake ten minutes. Fifteen minutes before serving place the pan with the fillets in a moderately hot oven and bake from ten to fifteen minutes, basting frequent y. At the same time prepare the sauce: Melt one ounce butter in a saucepan; add two tablespoonfuls fine chopped onions, one tablespoonful grated carrots, one ounce of fine chopped cooked ham, and cook five minutes; then add two fine chopped mushrooms and one heaping tablespoonful flour, stir and cook three minutes; add one pint of chicken broth, a small bouquet, one half cup mushroom liquor, twelve whole peppers, and cook five minutes, then remove the bouquet and cook five minutes longer; add one even teaspoonful salt; then strain. Cut three ruffles into fine slices, place them in a small saucepan with one gill Madeira or sherry wine over the fire, and cook five minutes; add this to the sauce, also one-half teaspoonful beef extract and cook five minutes longer. When ready to serve, turn the rice on to a warm dish, pour a little of the sauce over each fillet; arrange them on the top of the rice; dress the wing of each fillet with a paper ruffle, and serve with the sauce in a sauce bowl.

THE ART OF BOOKBINDING.

WHEN the books come in, if they are dilapidated volumes for rehabilitating, or ancient bindings for repairing, they are corded up in huge piles, each with its label. It is a slow process, and the pressure of work is so great that it is sometimes many months before the books make their way around the shop and finally return, looking bright and new and beautiful, to another table not far away.

When the book comes in it goes first to a girl, one of a row sitting at the end of the long room. Here, if the binding is to be entirely replaced, the old covers are cut off and the sections are cut apart by means of knives. The edges are then scraped clean of glue and paste, the girls being dexterous in their employment. As soon as this work is complete a small boy appears and bears the detached sections, all arranged according to pages, to a huge press like a giant letter-press, where they are submitted to great pressure to smooth out the wrinkles and make them compact and solid.

They are then carefully carried to an iron machine—the only one in the shop—where a number of circular saws revolving on a shaft cut small grooves in their backs. These are for the sewing threads.

The sewing girls next take the books and place them on a wooden frame strung with vertical cords which exactly fit into the grooves. The sections are sewed, in and out, their full length, and fastened to the cords. In cases where the book is made up of single leaves they are sewed up into sections before they go to the frame.

Next a boy, aproned to the throat, slaps on the five sheets, and then the book is ready for the forwarders.

The forwarders first trim the edges of the book smooth with a knife-jawed machine worked by a lever. The size of the book always equals the size of its smallest page. The boards—a fine variety of tarboard—are now fastened on by stitching them on with the binding cords, the ends of which are frayed and glued down. A boy takes them from under the hands of the forwarders and they are placed in a press to remain over night.

The next operation is the producing of the convex curve on the back and the concave face of the volume. This is accomplished by the simple means of pounding the edges with a broad-faced hammer until the proper shape is reached. It now goes again to the press, and the back is left protruding and again pounded until the edges lap over just the width of the boards. It is then strengthened with numerous layers of papers glued on.

The leather has all been cut to the proper size and shape. The edges of each piece are whittled down by means of a sharp, short knife working on the surface of a fine whetstone, which sharpens it every time it slips from the leather.

The leather is then daubed with a prepared glue and fastened to the book very much as a schoolboy covers his reader with paper. In most books this operation is usually preceded by the addition of headbands, ornamental appendages of striped vellum, which conceal the folded-in leather back. The back is made elastic by means of a spring cardboard which covers the whole of it and is glued at its edges to the tarboards. Across this, at regular intervals, pieces of string are glued to imitate the cords of ancient bindings. A "half-levant" book is one in which the back and corners are covered with levant and the rest of the surface with paper. A "full-levant" is entirely covered with the leather.

Making marbled edges is an art in itself. The colors to be used are thickened and placed in a shallow basin, then shaken and combed together until they assume the marbled appearance. The edges of the book are dipped into the liquid and then dried. For gilding the edge must be thoroughly smoothed by scraping with steel instruments, then treated with glaire, or diluted egg albumen. Gold leaf is next laid on quickly and then polished away with an agate burnisher, leaving the edge a beautiful gilt.

The book is now ready for the finisher. This is the part of the work which requires the greatest skill and art.

The beautiful designs in gilt and the lettering are all "tooled." A "tool" is a brass die made in France and shaped like the part or the whole of a design. The portion of the cover to be "tooled" is first painted with glaire, and gold leaf is put on and the heated "tools" are pressed down upon it, leaving the design fixed on the leather. The lettering is put on in a similar way. Sometimes the insides of the covers are beautifully fitted with silk and tooled.

The new State of Utah is contemplating the trial of an experiment, the result of which would be most noteworthy. This youngest of the American Commonwealths proposes to introduce an innovation into one of the oldest of English constitutional forms, the trial by a jury of twelve good men and true—which has dated from even before King Alfred's reign. Utah proposes an eight-men jury system in civil cases, three fourths of the panel to render a verdict. Under such a system it would not be possible for one juror to force a disagreement, and economically the trial process would be much cheaper than it is now. Such a change in criminal cases would be a perilous experiment, but the essay in civil suits might not be without a great deal of profit for all the rest of the Union.

BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS.

MUCH as we have already learned about the habits and tastes of butterflies and moths, there seems still much more to be taught us from the open book of Nature. Every collector or entomologist is aware how very local many species are wont to be. Although the food-plant may abound in every nook and corner of a country, and, to all appearances, every necessary condition for some insect's life is fulfilled, yet no where can this same insect be found except, perhaps, in a space a few yards square.

Curious enough it is, too, that Nature, so careful to preserve the species, and so careless of the life of the individual specimen, should endow a moth or butterfly with a life that is frail in the extreme, if we except the hawk moths, which cling tenaciously to life even when chloroform is administered. While the mature insect dies when pinched or struck down by the hand, the egg from which the moth or butterfly comes forth is able to endure extremes of heat and cold with perfect immunity from death. A temperature of ten degrees Fahrenheit has failed to freeze the young blood of the tiny life within the tiny shell no larger than a pin's head; a cluster of butterfly eggs, upon a withered stalk of grass, has defied the burning heat of the sun glaring down upon the sand of the Sahara.

Entomologists visiting Greenland have found the same species of moths and butterflies existing there as at Grindelwald, and among the Swiss mountains generally. When Europe emerged from its glacial state, many scores of insects were forced slowly but surely to migrate up the mountain sides or to emigrate to frozen Arctic lands.

Brazil is probably the best hunting-ground in the world, out of a total of ten thousand species, no fewer than five thousand are said to be found there. In Peru, a scientist is reported to have taken seven hundred different species in a single year.

Perhaps the great discoveries yet to be made will emanate from Borneo. There is another more remarkable fact than that of the localness of Lepidoptera that is engaging the thought of many collectors; this is the keen sense of taste or smell which butterflies and moths possess. The connection in the human being between taste and smell is so intimate that it is a matter of difficulty to say where the one ends and the other begins. Certainly, with regard to moths and butterflies, one is at a loss to say why certain smells and the evaporation of certain liquids should attract them.

The common notion that the quest of honey is the sole object for which a moth or butterfly exists, has long been exploded by the experience and experiments of even the tyro in entomology.

Among moths, the Noctuæ, and among butterflies, the Vanessæ have long been lured to destruction by the simple device of treacling. This, for the benefit of the uninitiated, may be briefly explained as smearing the boles of trees with a decoction of brown sugar, beer, and rum. The process here mentioned has resulted in the discovery of many species of Noctuæ and a few geometers, that otherwise might never have been known to the entomologist.

Sweetness, either in honeyed or other form, cannot be, then, the sole attraction for insects. Further, it has been shown that strength of smell, rather than sweetness, has the greater effect. In the case of the Purple Emperor, the old mode of catching this prize by means of a net attached to a pole twenty feet long has been superseded by the discovery of the insect's taste for game. The word "game" is used of malice aforethought, for the beautiful insect delights in the taste of the juice of a much decomposed cat, or the fragrant essence it is able to distil from a hare's skin that has been kept in the sun until ripe for operations. These juices, too, seem to intoxicate, though to a less degree, as do the sugar, rum, and beer.

FOREST DWARFS.

FROM the statements of early historians and geographers, it may be clearly gathered that the existence of a nomadic race of undersized men was an article of popular belief among the ancients. It remains, therefore, to inquire how far the investigations of modern African explorers tend to confirm the truth of this tradition.

With the increased knowledge of the interior, it is interesting to notice the revival of the traditions concerning the Pygmy race of Central Africa. As early as 1848, Du Chaillu, a well-known African traveler, had heard reports of a tribe called Dokos, no bigger than boys ten years old—that is, about four feet in height—with dark olive-colored complexions, whose main articles of diet consisted of serpents, ants, and mice. At a later date he himself came across a race of dwarfs called Obongos, whose appearance and customs are fully described in a book entitled "The Country of the Dwarfs." He found them dwelling in a forest, scattered at intervals near the settlements of the full-grown aborigines. He describes them as skilful hunters and trappers of game, using no iron weapons, but only bows and arrows, the latter of which they tip with poison. They never remained long together in the same place; but when food began to grow scarce, moved off in search of new quarters. On several occasions he entered their huts, which were oval in shape, resembling the half of a severed orange, and high enough to allow a full grown man to stand upright without touching the roof. They are represented as having prominent cheek-bones, thick lips, flat noses, and low, narrow foreheads, while their average height is about four feet seven inches.

The next explorer who makes mention of the forest dwarfs is Dr. Schweinfurth, a Professor of Heidelberg University, who in three years (1868-1871) penetrated the heart of Africa as far as the previously unknown region of Mombuttu. He gives an extremely interesting account of the dwarfs, whom he describes under the generic term of Akka. According to him, they inhabit the forest region lying to the south of the Mombuttu people, whom they assist against the neighboring tribes. They are skilful hunters, very cunning and cruel, and have no domestic animals except poultry. Two specimens whom he captured measured respectively four feet one inch and four feet four inches; and he never came across any whose height exceeded four feet ten inches. The personal characteristics of the two captured dwarfs are thus described: "Their skin was of a dull brown tint, the color of partially roasted coffee; their heads were large, set on thin, weak necks; chest flat and contracted, with protuberant bellies; hands small and well formed; jaw projecting and very prognathous, their facial angles measuring sixty and sixty-six degrees respectively.

Emin Pasha during his eight years' residence at the Equator occasionally encountered individuals of the same race. By him they are described as being divided into numerous small tribes, with no settled abodes, leading a nomadic life among the Mombuttu and Amadi. They have neither lances nor spears, but make exclusive use of the bow and arrow. Two distinctly marked types of physiognomy are found among them; some having a pale yellow skin, the color of ivory, while others possess a dark skin tinged with red. Their general appearance is described in terms nearly identical with those of Dr. Schweinfurth, with the addition that their bodies are covered with a thick stiff hair almost resembling felt. Individual specimens measured five feet five inches (a man of exceptional height), three feet six inches, and three feet one inch, the last being a girl of fourteen.

Their dwellings are described as low oval-shaped structures, with doors from two to three feet in height, placed at the ends. The houses are arranged in a rough circle, the centre of which is left clear for the chief and his family. About one hundred yards in advance of the camp, along every path leading away from the settlement, is placed a sentry-house with a doorway looking up the track. The approaches are further protected by poisoned skewers artfully concealed among the dead foliage.

WORKERS AND WEARINESS.—It is a popular belief that weariness is a physical symptom alone—that is to say, people become tired because their muscles are weary—whereas, in truth, muscular weariness depends not on the muscle alone, but on the manner in which the muscle all along in its work is aided and supported by the rest of the body. The blood, sweeping through the whole body, washes out of the muscle all hurtful bodies, providing always the blood-stream is pure. If the blood-stream be sluggish, or if the blood coming to the muscle be already loaded with hurtful bodies, the clearance is slow or wholly fails, and weariness comes on space. But even the simplest and rudest muscular tasks are not carried out by the muscles alone, for the brain and the nerves share in them too. It is a common experience that, when we are weary almost, it may be, to death, some sudden emotion, some great joy or fear may spur us to an effort which just before seemed impossible Conversely an emotion may appear to take from us all our muscular strength. Now the muscles neither know nor feel; their weariness cannot be effected by any emotion. That weariness which is put aside by hope or which is hurried on by despair must be a weariness not of the muscles, but of the nervous system; and Professor Foster proves that the greater part at least of weariness is begotten not in the muscle, but in the brain.

ROUTINE.—While routine sadly chafes enthusiastic and hopeful people, some undoubtedly who thrive upon it. We recall an old gentleman who was a perfect model of routine. He was born, lived, and died in the same house, stood at the same counter in his own little store for sixty years, selling about the same number of cotton spools, and rolls of tape and yards of calico every day, and laying aside the same little profits every night; never speculated or had any superabundant stock; walked through the same streets four times every day between his house and his store, accomplishing in all about sixty-five thousand miles; never leaving home except when he went semi-annually to an adjacent city to buy goods; listened or dozed in the same pew every Sunday; never married; never went to any place of amusement; never read any but old-fashioned books, and those somewhat heavy; and, in short, was never known to move one inch out of his regular orbit. He traveled in a small circle, but it satisfied him; he was never unhappy and never anxious about anything; he had a good digestion, slept well, had no bad habits, no enthusiastic friends; he gave no offence in anything, was never elated, and never depressed, never soared, and so never fell, never sought or desired any change, and would have glided on contentedly for five hundred years, if death had seen fit to overlook him. If the world were peopled with men of this sort we might have great peace; but what would be our progress?

SLEEP.—Every man must sleep according to his temperament. Eight hours is the average. If a man requires a little more or less, he will find it out for himself. Whoever, by work, pleasure, sorrow, or by any other cause, is regularly diminishing his sleep is destroying his life. A man may hold out for a time; but Nature keeps close account, and no man can deceive her.

The Steel Horse.

Times change and we change with them. The growth of the bicycle in popular favor has been wonderful, and even now the horse has been almost superseded by it. The student of history fifty years hence may perhaps read of the glorious "Charge of the Bicycle Brigade;" of another King Richard reeling from the bloody field of Tewkesbury and offering to exchange England for a Monarch bicycle; of another Sheridan scorching down the Winchester pike grasping a pair of handle bars on his swift Monarch; of another Paul Revere, not pausing a moment to tighten his saddle girth as he nervously watches for the signal light in the old North Church tower, which was to ring up the curtain of the revolution, but standing by his Monarch, examining it carefully to see that all nuts were tight and tires hard for a run that was destined to become memorable.

The bicycle has come to stay, and the reign of the horse is over, while the supremacy of even the cable, electric and steam cars may yet be overthrown. The "Golden Age," the "Electric Age," or any other remarkably progressive period in the world's history pales into insignificance before the wonderful growth and popularity of the bicycle.

This is the "Bicycle Age," and the king thereof is the "Monarch." You can get them in four styles, as per description appearing elsewhere in this issue.

Dobbins' Electric Soap is cheaper for you to use, if you follow directions, than any other Soap would be, if given to you; for by its use CLOTHES ARE SAVED. Clothes cost more than soap. This soap cost in 1869 twenty cents a bar. NOW it costs nine. It contains precisely the same ingredients, and no others, now as then, and costs less than half. Buy it of your grocer, use it and preserve your clothes. If he hasn't it, he knows that he can buy it of his wholesale grocer. The genuine always has our name on the wrapper. Look out for imitations. There are many of them.

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No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
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No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
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This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapid thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

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I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
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Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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Humorous.

There are times when man would be alone,
Far from the madding crowd,
Where he his privacy can own
And think his thoughts out loud.
One of these times, without a doubt,
Is when he first bestrides
A bike, and neighbors all come out
To see how well he rides.

A water spout—A temperance orator.

A cheap summer trip—On a banana skin.

Puts another face on the matter—Rouge.

With some folks, what you wear counts more than what you are.

The fall of the year and the fall of a theatrical company begin with a frost.

When we say "It's as long as it's bread," may we safely conclude that it is all square?

Beez: "Why is it the clock never strikes more than twelve?" Meez: "Because it hasn't the face to do such a thing."

Smallwort: "Oh, it was a great occasion. Wine was as plentiful as water." Colonel Bourbon: "Only as plentiful as that?"

Some like the spring time best, and some prefer the summer; but all must admit that the Indian summer is the best of fall.

"Pa, is it right to call a man born in Poland a Pole?" "Of course, my child." "Well, then, if a man is born in Holland, is he a Hole?"

Creditor: "Can't you do something for this bills? It has been running a long time." Debtor: "I can let it stand a while and rest."

He: "And the last thing I did was to kiss her. I came near forgetting it." She, her rival: "I should think it would be the last thing you'd think of."

Young lady on grand stand: "The umpire called a foul, but I don't even see a feather." Her escort: "But you must remember that this is a picked nine."

"I'm used to all sorts of work," remarked the applicant for a job. "Well, take your pick," said the boss of the gang, "or perhaps you would prefer a shovel."

Repartee: "You are nothing but a bag of wind," sneered the circus tent. The balloon, in its indignation, swelled visibly. "At least," it retorted, "I am self supporting."

Fat woman: I think I've got malaria.

Doctor: Why do you think so?

Fat woman: I feel very heavy when I get up in the morning.

When a Yankee girl is kissed, she looks surprised and says: "How could you?" To which the swain replies: "It will give me great pleasure to show you," and proceeds to give her a duplicate.

Ragson Tatters: Dose people up ter dat house roasted a whole sheep yest'd'y, an' dey got mos' of it left over.

Rollingstone Nomoss: Did ye git any?

Ragson Tatters: Well, I asked de lady, an' she gimme de cold shoulder.

What to him was love or hope? What to him was joy or care? He stepped on a bit of mottled soap the girl had left on the topmost stair, and his feet flew out like wild fierce wings, and he struck each stair with a sound like a drum, and the girl below with the scrubbing things laughed like a fiend to see him come.

"Pillam's bill came back to-day," said the bookkeeper.

"What did he have to say?" asked the merchant.

"He didn't have anything to say. It was his widow who did the saying. She writes 'Don't you think that to sending a bill to a man who has been buried three months you are rather running it into the ground?'"

"Charlie," remarked Fogg, "you are born to be a writer."

"Ah!" replied Charlie, blushing slightly at the compliment, "you have seen some of the things I have turned off?"

"No," said Fogg, "I wasn't referring to what you have written; I was simply thinking what a splendid ear you had for carrying a pen. Immense, Charlie, simply immense."

A man dies, leaving a number of debts, which his widow is in no hurry to pay. A surviving friend of the deceased remonstrates with her upon her negligence.

"What!" he says, indignantly, "you hesitate about paying this money—about leaving your son an untarnished name?"

"Ah! you see," sighs the widow, "my poor, dear husband's name was Smith, and there are so many Smiths, that perhaps nobody would ever know."

"What beautiful tune is that?" asked a gentleman of an organ grinder.

"Sliffa tredi montgo," said the Italian.

The gentleman rushed into the nearest shop, resolved to get the music.

"Have you the Italian song 'Sliffa tredi montgo?'"

The shopman looked, but couldn't find it.

"How does it go?"

The gentleman whistled a bar or two, and the clerk brought him "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

TWO PAIRS OF JOKING BROTHERS.—A ludicrous incident recently took place in Liverpool. There are two brothers who parted many years ago when boys—one of them going to America to seek his fortune, and the other remaining in Liverpool to make it. They have both been eminently successful in that respect, and not long ago the brother in America determined to visit the brother in England. The time of the visit was settled by correspondence, and the American set sail. The Englishman is a notorious wag, and arranged that an acquaintance should meet the American as his brother and conduct him to the hotel. The American, who was also a great wag, on the trip decided to play exactly the same joke on his brother, asking an acquaintance whom he met on the ship to personate him for a few hours. The acquaintance entered into the spirit of the joke, and when the vessel arrived at Liverpool was found by the personater of the English brother and driven to the hotel. The real American brother followed more leisurely, chuckling over his joke. In the meanwhile the English brother had also gone to the hotel, bursting with merriment over his joke. It happened that the two real brothers met in the lobby of the hotel, and though they had been parted so many years, they knew each other. At first, with blank amazement they greeted each other; and then, as they explained their mutual jokes, laughed long and heartily. But the climax was yet to be reached. An explanation in regard to the gentlemen who had personated them, and who were now, as they imagined, playing a huge joke on each other, showed that they also were brothers who had been separated from boyhood, but who did not know each other when they met. The first pair of brothers hurried up to their sitting room, and after the situation had been explained all round, the comedy of errors was pleasantly ended by an old-fashioned English dinner.

WHEN APPROACHING AN ICEBERG.—The captain of an ocean steamer in most cases finds out when his vessel is approaching an iceberg from the men down in the engine-room. That seems strange, but it is a fact nevertheless. It appears that when a steamship enters water considerably colder than that through which it has been going its propeller runs faster. Such water usually surrounds the vicinage of bergs for many miles. When the propeller's action, therefore, is accelerated without the steam power being increased, word is passed up to the officer on the bridge that icebergs may be expected and a close look-out is established.

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Leave Reading Terminal, 4.10, 7.30, (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.40, 11.30 a m, 12.50, 1.30, 2.35, 5.00, 6.10, 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.3, a m, 12.30, 6.10, 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 4.55, 8.10, 9.10, 10.18, 11.14 a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 2.38, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 8.10, 10.18 a m, 12.14, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 8.00 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—9.00, 10.00, 11.00 a m, 2.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 1.00, (Saturday only, 1.32 p m), 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.35, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.27, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.05, 4.20, 6.35, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m. daily does not connect for Easton.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, (saturdays only, 2.32 p m) 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42, 11.00 a m, 1.42, 4.45, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.00 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.15 a m, 6.03 p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only, 2.32 p m) 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42, 4.45, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.00 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.00 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, Saturdays only, 2.32 p m, 4.00, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.00 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.00 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.00 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 11.45 a m. (Saturdays only 1.30) 2.00, 3.00, 4.45, 5.00, 11.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, 7.00 a m. Sundays—Express, 7.30, 8.00, 8.45, 9.00, 10.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m. $1.00 Excursion train 7.00 a m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City (depot) week-days, express, Monday only, 6.40, 7.45, 8.15, 9.00, 10.15 a m, 3.15, 4.35, 5.05, 7.30, 9.30 p m. Accommodation, 6.25, 8.00 a m, 1.02 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, from foot of Mississippi Ave., 5.40 p m. Sundays—Express, 5.30, 6.40, 7.00, 8.00, 8.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 9.30 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 5.05 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, from foot of Mississippi Ave., 6.40 p m. Parlor Cars on all express trains.

FOR CAPE MAY AND SEA ISLE CITY (via South Jersey Railroad) Express, 9.15 a m (saturdays only 1.00), 4.15, 5.15 p m. Sundays, 7.15, 9.15 a m.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.40 a m, 1.47 p m. Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner, Broad and Chestnut streets; 833 Chestnut street, 29 S. Tenth street, 609 S. Third street, 3962 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

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PUBLIC OPINION

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